

THE
PROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

No. XXXIV.

ART. I.—SOCIETY IN DANGER FROM
CHILDREN.

Juvenile Delinquents : their Condition and Treatment. By
Mary Carpenter. London: Cash. 1853.

THE natural law of punishment is personal retaliation : you strike me and I strike you ; you rob me this time and I rob you the next ; you murder me, and my brother murders you. The spirit of the transaction is not greatly different when the medium changes, and society becomes the retaliator instead of the individual sufferer. The character of private and personal retribution continues even when the power of inflicting it is transferred from the hands of the injured party to those of the magistrate. The punishment remains almost as prompt, decisive, and severe as if it had been left to the aggrieved man to avenge himself on his adversary. Instead of the injured retaliator saying, "I have slain a man in my wrath," the injured law says, "I will slay a man in *my* wrath." To this character of quick and savage justice other things contributed in the early efforts of man after social order and civilization. Society was not vulnerable in so many points. Fewer offences were possible and they were simpler, evidence more palpable and accessible, and therefore conviction more prompt. Physical suffering also was not looked upon with so much horror. War, famine, feud, disease, accustomed men to scenes of blood and pain, as frequent

CHRISTIAN TEACHER.—No. 60.

N

if not daily spectacles. Men were not moved by a trifle. Nothing milder than the block or the gibbet could command attention. In the last century, even, by the laws of this country there were no fewer than one hundred and sixty enumerated offences (no doubt many similar to each other, though sufficiently distinguishable to be separately provided for) on which the punishment denounced was death. The gallows was erected with great expedition and in multitudes of places, so that the traveller would be from time to time scared by the sight of one of his fellow-creatures hanging in chains by the road-side; or as he entered the walls of some city, by the head of another, in the still stern aspect of death, upon the gates. The suicide was buried in the highway, and a stake driven through his body, and the traitor was cut up into four parts. And yet we may doubt whether the death of the criminal was in reality so fearful as his life,—for the prison of those times presents us with the picture of debtor and murderer, convicted and unconvicted, guilty and innocent, all flung into one noisome common room, where they ate and slept and raged and cursed together, and whence few escaped without carrying with them disease and fever, the effects of which sometimes remained with them for life.

There was a rough and fierce vengeance about all this, which, though indiscriminating in itself, and cruelly unjust to individuals, made crime, or the suspicion of crime, a terrible evil, from the punishment of which men shrunk with horror and dismay. But now christianized society eschews almost all this severity. Instead of the loathsome jail and its putrid companionship, a strong palace is built for the criminal; wholesome food, warm clothing, clean bedding, ventilated apartments, private rooms, baths, wash-houses, employment, instruction, medical attendance, religious counsel, are provided for these violators of the law. Everything is done to turn the penalty of crime into a simple deprivation, for a certain limited time, of the liberty to do the like again. We confess to some sympathy with those who are beginning to think that the punishment of crime is not made sufficiently deterrent and alarming at present—a fact, indeed, sufficiently proved by the frequent recommittals of the same criminals for the same crimes.

But the remedy we look for is not so much alterative as supplementary—not so much to add to the punishment as to complete the discipline. For in truth, at what point of this humanizing and modifying process, objectionable as by itself the result may make it, is it possible to stop? If we abolish the punishment of death for cutting down a tree, at what point in the scale of the values of human possessions shall we pause and inflict it? What human property shall be so precious that its violation shall require the *killing of a man*, and what shall be the next degree of value below it, in reference to which that punishment shall *not* be inflicted? The only tenable point at which to pause between its continuance and discontinuance, is that at which the action of the law does at this moment pause—namely, the point between human property and human existence—declaring that human life shall be sacrificed for human life, but not for human property.

Then with regard to treatment during confinement, where shall we pause in this process of amelioration? No one will maintain that it is a necessary or legitimate part of the punishment of crime to expose it to loathsome disease; then, where you confine human beings, you must remove all active causes of disease. No one will maintain that it is a necessary or legitimate part of the punishment of crime to confound its various degrees and perpetrators, and throw the murderer and the debtor into compulsory companionship; then you must remove one of the most appalling parts of the old punishment—the common jail. A Christian legislature cannot think moral *pollution* a legitimate part of the punishment of crime; then it must separate age and sex. Neither can it believe that for the soul to be without knowledge is good; then education and moral influence follow. And the matter does not end here. What are we to do with a set of persons who, when sent out of prison, must live, yet whose labour society does not want, and whose labour, if it did want, it would rather want than have—and who must therefore steal—be committed again—imprisoned again—steal again—be imprisoned again, or—die?

The misery of this state of things in the present is that it contains within itself the promise of continuance for the future. Ample preparation is being made day by day

before our eyes, for its continuance. An increasing number of candidates for this dilemma are growing up among us; as in other things, so in crime, education is improved. Thieves and murderers are no more standing still than the rest of the world. If the child in our common schools is surprised at the ignorance of his grandfather, the juvenile, should we not say the infant, thief now laughs at the clumsy contrivances for effecting crime used by his predecessors. As in the Free United States of North America they have breeding-grounds and training-schools by which slavery is perpetuated, and the demand for "involuntary servitude" supplied, so in the Christian country of England we have nurseries where we breed, and schools where we train, young criminals, that the succession may be kept up, and that this family of wretchedness and wickedness may not want representatives to the end of time. No education in England is more systematic, no course of promotion more secure, no field for the exercise of enterprise and talent more open, no class of risks run more exciting and alluring, than those afforded by the career of the young thief. That part of it with which the public and the law are concerned is the least mischievous of the whole. The public and the law only know the young thief and his life when he is detected, when he is at the bar or in the prison. They do not know of him in his keen and anxious vigilance, in his hours of contrivances and premeditation, in the triumphant delight of success and escape, in the communications and congratulations with his fellows, in his rewarding orgies, marked by the copious draught, the droll and exciting narrative, and the joy of his coarse young loves. The depravation of the young thief's nature is total. The crime for which he is captured and punished is not only always a mere fractional part of his punishable crimes, but usually also the smallest part of the moral evil of his life. A child in want of bread, clothing, and lodging, stealing to supply the want, is a small and definite mischief, which gives scarcely a hint of the extent of moral debasement and wickedness which precedes, accompanies, and follows the act.

Want is a frequent, but by no means the only or the chief inducement to the criminal life. The command of parents, the instructions of accomplices, the excitement

attending the successful practice of every art, the love of pleasure and gain, ambition and the love of distinction and applause, the wearisomeness of labour and the dullness of a plodding life, all combine to draw to this occupation. It is impossible to observe the roguish knowing eye of a narrator, giving an account of a successful fraud or theft to a circle of young admirers, who, with eager glance and intelligent countenance, drink in the descriptions of contrivance, skill, risk, escape, reward, detection even, and long to distinguish themselves in the same manner, without perceiving how complicated is the evil which society has to meet, how all-surrounding is the atmosphere it has to disperse, and to what an education, and to what influences, it has to supply counter-education and counter-influences. In such schools and circumstances have our present professors of the criminal arts been brought up, and in similar ones are they themselves bringing up their successors. And what are the counteracting forces which the law and enlightenment and philanthropy of England bring to bear against this state of things? Imprisonment and flogging! behold the right hand and the left hand of our power! The weary and inconsolable magistrate plays at *hocus-pocus* with these two; now he chooses the right hand, and it is imprisonment; now the left hand, and it is whipping. Neither are sufficient—neither indeed efficient. But what can he do? If Parkhurst were all it should be, he could not send them all to Parkhurst. In his distress he remembers the stocks; he tries these, but with the effect of hardening the offenders and amusing a crowd of spectators. He discharges—delivering a short discourse to the boy, who skips out of court, thinking of nothing but that he has got off.

Whipping, imprisonment, stocks, discharges, alike bring back a large proportion of the very same offenders to be whipped, imprisoned, but not to be discharged again. Thus it is that society in our times has to defend itself against children—children, who are to a large extent the instruments of men while young, and about to be the employers of children in their turn when men. The criminal class is always training and reproducing itself. But the real criminal—the teacher, compeller, and tempter—stands apart, uninvolved and unpunished. The children

are the parties thrust forward into the *mêlée*, and employed to do the work: tossed with inevitable alternation from circumstances and companions on the one side, to law and the magistrates on the other. Here are some examples.

"He is the son of a coiner, and a boy of quick and lively parts, rather diminutive in his person, but of high courage, and apparently good temper. *Until he was ten years old he was employed to watch when his father was at work, and he was then promoted to the higher office of uttering the base money his father had coined.* He and his father used at night to go out together. The father would give him a base shilling, and remain at a short distance, whilst the boy went into some small shop and bought a pennyworth of tobacco, onions, or the like. The father would then receive the change from the boy, give him another shilling, and continue the traffic seven or eight times in a night. To my question, 'What used your father to give you for doing this?' his answer was, 'Plenty of victuals, and a penny a-day if I did well, and a good hiding if I did not.'"—P. 25.

"These children infest large towns; in the more agricultural districts of the south of England, there is a *sixth class* who seem to be born to a sort of hereditary calling, that of thieving. 'We were born *travellers*,' say two brothers under sentence of transportation; 'my parents and two sisters are travellers now.' This name cloaks almost every sort of vice. The unhappy children who are constantly rising up to perpetuate the class, live from infancy in an atmosphere of the most degrading iniquity; though not so early trained in audacious thefts and skilful evasion of detection as the town children, they grow up with an equally hardened wickedness of spirit, and become eventually bold housebreakers and robbers. Seven members of the notorious 'Frimley gang,' convicted of the burglary at Uckfield, and transported for life, were removed to the Preston gaol for probationary discipline. Mr. Clay ascertained that all of these, with only one exception, 'belonged, *almost from infancy*, to one of the most daring and profligate divisions of the dangerous class, the division known as "*travellers*," who, both men and women, perambulate every part of the country in parties more or less numerous, and maintain themselves by begging and imposture, or by robbery of every kind, from trifling but frequent petty larcenies, to carefully planned and cruelly executed burglaries.' It is evident that children thus born and brought up can be rising to maturity only to perpetuate a distinct class in society, ready for almost every species of crime;—it requires, with the preceding one, some peculiar and distinct action for its suppression."—Pp. 32–3.

The question may well be asked, and the answer to it

is instructive—Why is the thieving propensity so rife among the children of the poorer and less instructed class, and so little known to the law among the children of the better educated and the wealthier? It is not merely because the one class is richer and the other is needier, as is shown by the mischievous and sometimes mean practices of children in the schools and families of the better classes. Orchard robbing, “cribbing,” cheating “the governor,” larder-thefts, unfair bargaining, trickery and deception of all kinds, are not unknown at the present, at least we are sure were not in the last generation, of schoolboys in the middle and higher classes. The children even of noble parents, as Miss Carpenter reminds us, have been found as regardless of the property of others as those of the poor. What is the reason, then, that, as far as regards offences of this kind, the law knows such numerous instances in the lower, and knows almost none in the upper, classes of children? Manifestly because the “juvenile delinquent” in the one case is taken before his parent or instructor, is admonished, corrected, trained, morally formed, and the special matter in hand is compromised, passed over without public disgrace and public punishment, which among the rich would be, as among the poor it is, personal ruin; and because in the other the “delinquent” is brought before the magistrate and the law of the country, treated as a mature man, and punished as a man, and consequently disgraced and hardened as a man would be. The one is punished, the other is corrected; the one is covered with infamy, the other carefully screened from early disgrace; the one is imprisoned, the other is taught. The parent and instructor in the one case look grave and grieved, and set themselves to build up a principle of honour and integrity, which with the growth of reason and experience becomes stronger too, while the parent and the instructor in the other case simply say “do it again.”

But all crime is not hereditary or imparted by instruction. There are original tendencies in some natures to crime, spontaneous preferences for a roving, idle, risky, and self-indulgent life, which, if not deliberately created, or consciously fostered by others, do not encounter that early watchful care, that wise diversion of energy and

timely control of dispositions, which better-taught and more fortunately circumstanced childhood would receive.

"Mr. Clay gives in his report the autobiographies of the six pickpockets then under his care. They all present the same features. Each one at about the age of fourteen freed himself from parental control, led a life of plunder and vicious indulgence, and after numerous imprisonments, which were quite ineffective in checking his career, was then lying under sentence of transportation. One of them, then only twenty-eight years of age, had led a life of crime for fourteen years. He had at first been 'coaxed to it,' and became the 'slave' of his employers, being forced to yield up to them all his gettings. 'I kept them in style,' he says, 'and thought myself well off if I got a shilling or two for pocket-money. But, getting older, I kept my own share, although it did me no good, for I lost it by tossing with my companions.' On two several occasions he got 200*l.* at once; and from a detailed account of all his thefts, Mr. Clay computes that during these fourteen years he could not have robbed the public of less than 5,800*l.* From this may be deducted something for the time he spent in prison, but this sum does not include the expenses of his various apprehensions and trials; *he had been apprehended and discharged from want of evidence about fourteen times, imprisoned about seventeen times; he had been twice tried and acquitted, and only twice tried and convicted, receiving each time a sentence of twelve months' imprisonment.* The remainder of his imprisonments were under summary convictions as a reputed thief. This last-mentioned experienced thief states, from his own knowledge, that 'there are at this time at least ten times as many boys "wiring" (picking pockets) as when I was young.' Nor is this to be wondered at; many circumstances connected with the progress of civilization present not only increased temptations, but facility for this kind of theft; 'while,' adds Mr. Clay, 'the rapidity and ease with which they reach by the trains any place which they think worth "working," the facility, the impunity with which they *do* "work," the railway carriages and stations especially, these are circumstances demanding effective means of counteraction.' But besides this, young boys and girls become a prey to experienced pickpockets, who teach them their trade at a very high premium, viz., their whole earnings, besides making slaves of them, both body and soul. 'Kelly,' says the same witness, 'who has been up to everything for twenty years, trains these boys. He has pointed to a lad and said to me, "There's one of my bringing out!"' And this finished master of every branch of his profession had then reached only the age of thirty! 'The men that go about with dog-carts are gamblers, and are up to all kinds of roguery. They have not

courage to rob themselves, but they will often set on a *little lad* who has got anything by thieving, and make him give it all up.' How valuable the services of these boys must be to those sinful employers is shown by the fact, that when 'a boy named O'Brian, *alias* "Slaver," was caught,' says Mr. Clay, 'in the attempt to pick a lady's pocket in Preston, his accomplice, a man who had trained him, escaped, and reached Manchester in time to secure the professional services of rather a celebrated attorney, who came to Preston to appear for "Slaver," and extricate him from his dangerous position. The boy's skill as an *apprentice* pickpocket, made it worth his *master's* while to incur the expense (probably 10*l.*) on hiring the "best professional aid." "Slaver" was convicted, however, as a regular vagabond, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment, and for that time his master was deprived of the income obtained through the boy's thievish skill.' His career then was only beginning! Such, then, are the boys of whom perhaps thousands are at large in England."—Pp. 38–41.

Some of these wretched children fall into crime from pure vacuity—from want of home—want of care—want of bread. They have more of moral sense naturally, and less cleverness and enterprise, than the more successful and joyous of their associates. All their gold, poor children! does not glitter.

"'Let a boy,' says Sheriff Barclay, 'tell his own story, taken at random from many similar ones to be found in the prison reports. "My father and mother died soon after each other, when I was twelve years old. *No one looked after me.* At first I went about carrying gentlemen's luggage, but sometimes I could get no job, and had nothing to eat. *I then began to steal, and ever since have been living chiefly by begging and stealing.* I have not been out of prison a fortnight together for three years. When out I cannot get employment. I have tried every place, but there is no one to speak for me. All the clothes that I have I got from the prison for overwork, but sometimes I am obliged to pawn them. I have two sisters, but one of them has been banished, and the other will do nothing for me. I have also a brother, but he has been banished. *I have led a miserable life, but I cannot do better.* I should be glad to go to sea, or anywhere that I could get a living.''"—Pp. 42–3.

In the extracts given by our author, there are instances of personal feelings and family associations which mingle oddly with the rest of the thread of these unhappy lives. The girl spoken of by Mr. Clay, as born at Stockport, and supporting herself, first, by factory labour, and then by cap-making, and finally by thieving, supplies a curious

instance of this commingling of the elements. She observes her brother Richard's gay dress, and gold ring and watch. At fifteen years of age, her mother gives her threepence, and she goes to a fair. There she meets her brother; he told her to stand before him, so that nobody could see his hand, and then he picked a woman's pocket, and gave his sister a shilling out of the booty, for her assistance in the transaction. Instead of going home, she now goes into a show, and picks a young woman's pocket of one and sixpence. "I trembled," she says, "very much, when I did it. I met the young woman again in a short time, and she was crying. I heard her say the money was her mother's. I cried too, and would have given her the money back, but was afraid of being took up."

Her first imprisonment was for an assault on a companion of her brother's, who had been the means of convicting him. On coming out, being bailed by two navvies, who were perfect strangers to her, she regularly commenced her professional career, visiting town after town, and fair after fair, travelling by waggon, omnibus, and railway. She went to "Bam Statute fair, but got nothing, for it rained, and no people came." She gave away largely of her "earnings" in charity, to her less successful companions who were in need. She met, more than once, with O'N——, who "wanted her to live with him, without being married, but she would not." At Leeds she again met with her suitor, who consented to indulge her fancy of being married, and the askings were put up. But in the interval of the three weeks, with a view to the expenses of wedded life we presume, she took another professional journey to Sheffield and York, and got about 10*l.* or 11*l.*

"We were married," she says, "at the old church. Up to this time I could only pick outside pockets, but O'N—— taught me how to raise outside dresses, and to pick inside pockets. I was married on the Thursday, and on the Saturday I got 10*s.* in the market; on the Monday my brother Edward came to Leeds. We all went out, and Edward picked a pocket of 13*s.*, but he had been watched, and we were all took up, and we got three months."—Page 95.

After their liberation, they applied themselves with increased ardour to their calling. The largest sum she ever got at Preston was 17*l.*, and the smallest 3*l.* The whole family lived very luxuriously.

Now it is vain to say that the present treatment meets the exigencies of such cases as these ; it would be equally false to say that so much ability, and so much good feeling, as strangely mingles with all this crime, could not have been turned to better account under something of a more rational discipline. What length of time, what extent of experience, will be necessary to convince the administrators of law in this country, that a system of prevention and punishment of criminal and disorderly conduct, which brings back the same girl fifteen, twenty, thirty, and even sixty times, to encounter and undergo it, is founded on a wrong principle, and must be as radically mistaken as it is practically inefficient ! We were, but a short time since, present at the sentencing of a woman to transportation for theft, who had been imprisoned eight-and-twenty times before. Eight-and-twenty experiments on the same person had convinced the judge that imprisonment for a short term would do no good, and so he surprises the poor woman by, on the nine-and-twentieth occasion, transporting her for ten years ! the last punishment being nearly as clumsy, and as morally inefficient, as any of the others ; but having the advantage of at last preventing the judge seeing her troublesome face probably any more. But even this punishment could neither thrust herself out of the earth, nor her crime out of her heart.

The author of the volume now before us does not confine herself to reprobating the existing system and hopelessly exposing its inefficiency, but endeavours to supply, both by theoretical considerations and practical labours and results, something better in its place. This accomplished and admirable lady is already known, from her work on Reformatory Schools ; but, as was to be expected from her greater practice as a writer, as well as from increased experience and reflection, the present work is written with more ease and mastery of the subject than the former. The moral feeling is so strong in this writer, and her perception and lament of the evils so intense, that she has sometimes seemed to us to overlook the

artistic necessities, to which even a work on so profoundly important a matter is subject, if it is to interest and command attention. "Juvenile delinquents," however, is not liable to this objection. The interest of this work becomes deeply tragic as, passing through one fearful recital to another, and one inadequate treatment to another, we at length reach the culminating point of crime, increased by the means taken to prevent it, the moral nature of the criminal reduced to its lowest possible state, and society looking on in the uttermost surprise, consternation, and despondence. The heart of the reader is wrung with pity—even the ludicrous concomitant circumstances that force a smile, forcing it through tears,—till nothing but a sense of duty prevents his laying down the volume, and closing the ear of his conscience to its call. But more cheerful pages are in store for him, describing, if not a remedy, then certainly a diminution of the evil. Practical experience, and deep sympathy with the suffering, and we will not hesitate to add wronged and ill-treated, classes which she describes, guide the author to such kind reasonings, and such hopeful conclusions, as to justify her exposure of an evil, for which she has mind enough to see, and heart enough to effect, some practical alleviation. Miss Carpenter's own experiment, in the school for juvenile delinquents, which, by great exertion and generosity, she has succeeded in establishing at Kingswood, is, as yet, too young and new, to furnish us with statistical results of the success of the treatment, of a kind as clear and convincing, in their way, as the statistical results we have been quoting of the existing system are in theirs. But we have heard many observers express their astonishment at the influence she exercises over her poor little charge*.

* The following is a description by a visitor of Kingswood School, with which we have been favoured:—"A fine old place it is, with every possible convenience for its purpose; the immediate situation beautiful, with a fine, free view; windows for every breath of heaven to enter; and a general feeling of scope and liberty. It was cleaning-day, but it was pleasant to come upon the busy little maidens, scouring, &c., in all directions; several quite away by themselves, in distant rooms, cleaning windows, perhaps; their shrill singing guiding us to their whereabouts. The first I made acquaintance with, as she was making up the fire in the *receiving room* into which I was first shown, proved to be one of your Leeds girls, a fine rosy, dark-haired lassie. One of these girls (the most violent, whom it had seemed almost hopeless to manage)

It is not to her own experiment, or its results, that Miss Carpenter, however, trusts in her desire to impress her readers with the necessity of "reform in the treatment of young criminals." She has many successful results to quote, though not, we regret to say, many from England yet. In truth, we are strangely and mournfully behind other nations on this subject. With a singular inconsistency, we deny a person his rights until he has arrived at years of discretion, and yet subject him to public punishment long before that age. He shall not be understood, we say, to have sense to manage his own affairs, or to be responsible for his own support, or his own debts, till he is one-and-twenty; but he shall be regarded as responsible and punishable for his own conduct, in other directions, at half that age! The perception of the grievous injury this whole nation was sustaining, by our treatment of our criminal youth, led our Government, many years ago, to the experimental establishment of Parkhurst. We well remember the interest and delight with which humane minds greeted this attempt. We well remember perplexed and benevolent magistrates travelling from north to south, before it was so easy a matter, to visit the establishment. But how little have we heard of it since! how few the happy and grateful appeals to its successful experience! how few the institutions of like kind which have followed in its wake! In truth, Parkhurst is a melancholy failure! It was a jail and a prison, only of a better kind, and designed for children: and, as such, it was founded on fear, and physical restraint, and physical compulsion.

"If an establishment founded on such principle could answer the object of a Reformatory School, that surely would have done so, for it was begun with the best intentions, a healthy and beautiful spot was chosen for its site, pecuniary resources were not limited, and a government usually has at command the best officers that it can select. But to carry out the principle of the employment of physical force, and the action of fear on the young convicts, it was necessary to shut out the beautiful island by high walls, to render the labour compulsory, soldiers with loaded guns being on guard to had not long before come up to Miss C. with a frock-bodice, saying, 'See Miss C., I have made this myself, and when I came here I could not thread a needle.' Contrary to my expectations in such a class, the girls generally look just like ordinary children; while the boys have a strikingly brutalized stamp."

watch the boys, and to appoint military men as officers,—the softening influence of woman being entirely excluded.”—P. 193.

29.11
The chaplain of the junior ward says that several of the children under his care have been repeatedly punished since the period of their confinement, and that the discipline of the refractory ward seems to have no beneficial effect. In one year there were two attempts *to set fire to the prison*. During the month of January only, he says that in two hundred boys the minor offences were six hundred and two. During the year, the *crimes*, such as assault, riot, arson, and attempts at escape, were one hundred and seventy-five. In one year, thirty escaped from the walls and sentinels, and of these the governor remarks that they have so thorough a dislike of the place, that they seem to consider any change to be better, even to a prison. The inference which Miss Carpenter draws from this and similar experience is, that Government should not originate and manage, but should encourage and control, such reformatory establishments. She says that they should originate in the private efforts of individuals, drawn by profound love and profound conviction to their work, who would prove their devotion to it by their self-sacrifice, and who would infuse their own spirit of wise love, and the results of their own lengthened experience, into the whole arrangement and conduct of the institutions; while the Government, on satisfactory proof of competence and character, should encourage their attempt by grants of money, legal facilities, and inspection and reporting. Much has been done in this way in America and on the Continent. With a religious and benevolent magistracy, we are astonished that this great evil should be left unremedied—almost without attempt at remedy—in our own country. We wish we could put this volume, together with Burns’s “Justice,” into every magistrate’s hand in England. We have so much respect for them that we are confident that they who have done so much for humanizing the arrangements of our prisons, and supplying the mature with work, and the children with instruction, would eagerly embrace the method offered by this book for extricating them from a difficulty which must distress them every time they sit upon the bench. Indeed, had America been as tardy in adopting remedial

measures as we have, she would not, at this moment, have been a civilized country. The quantity of crime, idleness, and worthlessness imported into her territory every year, would have overwhelmed the more limited and superior element, the growth of native and superior circumstances. But the United States applied promptly and gallantly to the work, by the establishment of public schools, open to all its citizens. As soon as it was perceived that these, comprehensive as they were, did not embrace all the classes whose wants had to be met, schools for the neglected were established by private benevolence and enterprise, and, subsequently, truant schools, and schools for the reformation of young delinquents. As in every land which desires to secure to itself a rapid and yet steady moral progress, the efforts of volunteers, when found to point out an evil, and, in a great measure, to remedy it, have been taken up by the Government, encouraged, supported, nationalized, removed from the precarious basis of entirely voluntary supervision and support, and sustained as part of the law, order, and public being of the country.

"Whenever any person under sixteen years (by a subsequent Act this is altered to seventeen) shall be convicted of any felony, the Court, *instead of sentencing such person to imprisonment in a State prison*, may order that he be removed to, and confined in, the House of Refuge, established by the Society for the Reformation of Juvenile Delinquents in the city of New York; unless notice shall have been received from such Society, that there is not room in such house for the reception of further delinquents. Such convicts shall be removed by the sheriff of the county, pursuant to such order, and he shall be allowed the same compensation therefor as is provided for the transportation of convicts to the State prison, to be audited and paid as part of the contingent expenses of the county."—P. 218.

In some of these Reform Schools, mechanical arts were taught; in some, agriculture. This is the experience of the agricultural Reform School (in its fifth report) established at Westborough, near Boston; to which it invites the attention of the Government, with a view to the assistance and countenance necessary for full and permanent efficiency.

"When we first commenced our operations, it was predicted, and

by some of those, too, who had had experience in the case of juvenile delinquents, that high walls and close fences would be found indispensable to our success, and that very few, if any, of the boys could be safely trusted to labour in the open field. We preferred to try, at least, another experiment, and we think the result has proved that to trust, with some degree of confidence, such boys even as these, is the best way to inspire faithfulness, and that, in very few instances, out of the great number in whom we have placed it, has this confidence been abused ; while the few escapes that have occurred, (only four out of so many hundreds,) have been from the number confined within the walls of the building, and not from the boys who have been permitted to go beyond them." "The greater part of the boys who have been placed out as apprentices," continues our report, "have, by their subsequent good conduct and deportment, answered the expectations which had been formed of them, as the letters and documents published at the close of the report will, in several cases, abundantly prove."—P. 223-4.

The Legislature of Massachusetts does itself the honour to pass the following law in 1850 :—

An Act concerning Truant Children and Absentees from Schools.

"Be it enacted, &c., as follows :—

"Section 1. Each of the several cities and towns in the Commonwealth is hereby authorized and empowered to make all needful provisions and arrangements concerning habitual truants, and children not attending school, without any regular and lawful occupation, growing up in ignorance, between the ages of six and fifteen years ; and also all such ordinances and by-laws respecting such children, as shall be deemed most conducive to their welfare, and the good order of such city or town ; and there shall be annexed to such ordinances suitable penalties, not exceeding for any breach a fine of twenty dollars : *provided* that said ordinances and by-laws shall be approved by the Court of Common Pleas for the county, and shall not be repugnant to the laws of the Commonwealth.

"Section 3. The said justices of the peace, or other judicial officers, shall, in all cases, at their discretion, in the place of the fine aforesaid, be authorized to order children, proved before them to be growing up in truancy, and without the benefit of the education provided for them by law, to be placed for such periods of time as they may judge expedient in such institution of instruction or house of reformation, or other suitable situation, as may be assigned or provided for the purpose, under the authority conveyed by the first section of this act, in each city or town availing itself of the powers herein granted."—P. 231, 232.

In France there are, at present, forty-one home colonies for children and young persons, of which twelve are penitentiary or reformatory colonies, founded and directed by private persons; four are penitentiaries connected with the State; and twenty-five are colonies of orphan and deserted children. The school at Mettray has been long known: it arose in private benevolence. A *projet du loi*, in 1850, decreed the national adoption of this system in France. It provides for the separation of all juvenile from adult criminals, and that private associations shall be encouraged to form *colonies pénitenciaires* by the assistance and co-operation of the State, and that "if an adequate number are not established in two years, the Government shall interfere, and found as many as are needed at the national cost."

M. Wichern's Rauhe Haus, in Hamburgh, has been speaking to our deaf country since 1833, and still sends heralds to us. In 1837, it reported that, for a year and a half, no child had run away. It has found that no wall is precisely the strongest wall, where the right spirit is infused into the establishment. All who had left it, up to that time, were in service; and there had been *no instance of relapse into evil habits*. In the report of 1843, it is stated that sometimes nearly fifty children have visited their parents on the same afternoon, and all returned punctually at the appointed hour. Since the foundation of the institution, in 1833, one hundred and seventeen children had left it, of whom only five could be deemed failures, three males and one female having been imprisoned, and one female having become a vagrant.

Such, says the author of the present work, "are the results of nearly twenty years of patient labour; labour made sweet by the consciousness that it was God's work which was being carried on." The principles on which this labour should be conducted are thus laid down:—

"It is unnecessary again to enlarge on the necessity which has been so often dwelt on, in this and the former volume—that in the beginning and carrying on the work, the teacher's mind should be so imbued by a spirit of love, and actuated by a principle of religious duty, that these should pervade the whole system, and bring the child's mind into harmonious action with it. Until the child's *will* is enlisted in the work of reformation, there can be no real

progress in it. Religious and moral instruction will of course be a prominent object in all establishments of this kind ; that it should be instruction rather of the heart than of the head will be evident ; and that it should rather consist in the instilling of sound principles of duty to God and man, than in the communication of dogmatic instruction, will probably be the experience of all who have practically engaged in the work. So much has been already said in the former volume, both on this subject, and on the importance of making the Bible a living reality to the minds and hearts of the children, that we need not further enlarge on this topic. The intellectual training should be directed rather to the awakening and exciting the mind itself to work on objects higher than those of sense, than to the mere infusing of elements of knowledge."—Pp. 302-3.

We find that we should transfer this book to our pages, if we were to allude to all the subjects treated of in it, that strike us as thrillingly interesting and impressively important. It opens out a course of duty, which it is imperative on this country—its legislators, its magistrates, and its philanthropists—to pursue. May this volume, in its tenderness, piety, good sense, practical experience, and clear calm trust in the omnipotence of good, of God and the spirit of Jesus Christ applied to the soul of man, so command attention both for the Evils it describes and for the Remedies it suggests, that the Nation may be promptly stirred to remove from it the disgrace of the terrible cause it pleads !

ART. II.—BASES OF BELIEF.

Bases of Belief. An Examination of Christianity as a Divine Revelation by the Light of recognised Facts and Principles. By Edward Miall, M.P. London. 1853.

THE object of this work is not to prove the truth of Christianity, but to remove preliminary objections, of a philosophical character, against the possibility of any supernatural revelation from God, and as against the Christian revelation in particular. The difficulties it discusses are not historical, but metaphysical and moral; they relate not so much to the testimony as to the subject matter of the testimony. The Author seems to think that if all *à priori* barriers to faith could be taken out of the way, then Lardner and Paley would come in, and quietly repossess themselves of the ground from which they had been displaced only by a speculative scepticism. This, we think, is the great mistake of the book. If every page of it was assented to, Lardner and Paley would stand just where they did, and modern unbelief would feel, not only that it had received no answer, but that it had not even been considered. There is very little, in the present day, of philosophical anti-supernaturalism: at all events, that is not the form which the recent attacks upon Christianity have assumed—that is not the quarter from which danger has come, and is still to be apprehended—that is not the weapon by which any still-open wounds have been inflicted. The scepticism of the day is of two kinds, scientific and popular. The scientific scepticism is directed mainly against the original records of the revelation, against the character of the particular evidence. The popular scepticism is directed mainly against the prevalent Christianity itself, against the alleged character of the particular revelation. The one assails the testimony; the other assails the creed, and would accept it upon no testimony whatever. Now to neither of these forms of scepticism does our Author address himself in the slightest degree; that is, he attempts

neither to answer the particular historical difficulties that are raised against the gospel records, *nor* to recommend the prevalent Christianity to the hearts and consciences of those who revolt from it. He stands upon ground that is quite upon the outside of the particular character of the documentary evidence, of the particular character of the popular Christianity, and of the assumed relations between them. He *does* establish, and that triumphantly, the fitness of the New Testament as an instrument for the preservation and conveyance of a revelation from God; but in order to make good this ground, he has expressly to remove from the professed revelation everything of an *authoritative* character, everything that asks for the subjection of the understanding, everything that does not make its direct and sole appeal to the spiritual faculties. He *does* establish, and that triumphantly, the reasonableness of the Christian revelation; but, in order to do so, he has expressly to premise that Christianity is not doctrinal, not dogmatical, in no respect a disclosure of new truths to the intellect, but simply a manifestation of life to the conscience and the heart. Yet, in all this, he does not give the smallest sign that the problem which he has so easily solved *is not the problem* which is presented by the existing views of Christianity, which still he professes to hold,—and by the existing views of the nature of the Scriptures, which still, in a certain sense, he professes to maintain. Wishing it to be believed that he retains orthodox views of the doctrines of Christianity, and that he retains his belief in the inspiration of the Scriptures, he gives to the world a defence of Christianity, which, quite invulnerable from the Unitarian point of view, Mr. Miall must know is utterly worthless, and beside the mark, in reference to the Christianity he and the world profess. He gives a triumphant defence of Christianity, but it is not *his* Christianity, it is not the Christianity of the Church, it is not the Christianity of orthodox dissent, it is not a dogmatical Christianity in any form whatever. It is a defence which would not stand good for one moment in relation to the doctrines of any orthodox church, and yet this is a fact that is not avowed, nay, it is a fact that is expressly disguised; for, whilst offering a defence of Christianity, from the peculiar ground of a moral and practical

revelation, Mr. Miall deprecates the "uncharitable suspicion" that he cannot also make good his footing on the common ground of a dogmatic revelation. Does he mean that his book would retain a particle of weight, if Christianity is an *authoritative* revelation of new truths not discoverable by human reason? And if he does not mean this, and he cannot mean it, then what is his book a defence of? It is a defence of a Christianity that *he himself does not consistently hold*, and with no bearing whatever upon another Christianity that he professes to hold. We grieve to say that there is a want of high courage in this book, and that it has many signs of that confusion of mind which is sure to creep in wherever high courage is absent. One of the most shameful and one of the most frequent offences of the present day, is in the ostentatious attempt to combine a philosophical freedom and unfettered liberality with the profession of tenets that must rest, if they rest anywhere, on an exclusive and authoritative basis. One of the most pitiable and demoralizing spectacles of the present day is to see men of high powers, in their eager desire to assert their intellectual freedom, offering expositions of their faith which they must know do not cover the whole ground upon which they stand, and in their struggle not to appear slaves to authority, grasping with either hand positions which are mutually destructive, fundamentally contradictory. It is with sincere pain that we speak in this way of anything that comes from Mr. Miall, but our patience is wearied out by a class of offences of which he has just furnished a capital instance. We are sick at heart of the philosophy and liberalism in religion, which yet never destroy the old root of authority and dogmatism, nay support it, because they coexist with it, as if they were its logical growth. These are the inconsistencies that are the salt of corruption. Men reason that a system cannot be so bad, in which such men as Maurice and Miall find room for their liberality. But their liberality is forced upon them by the absolute necessity of making some struggle for intellectual self-respect, and exposes them to the easy contempt of consistent bigots so long as it leaves the roots of bigotry untouched. They would serve two masters, Freedom and Authority, and whilst they receive the wages of both, they do the

work of neither. This is hard language, but we have distinctly to charge Mr. Miall with presenting to the world a Defence of the Evidences of Christianity, which he must know has not the smallest supporting force except for the Unitarian view of Christianity, whilst by implication he conveys the impression to his readers that *that* is not the view of Christianity which he himself entertains. We charge him either with a want of courage for not openly avowing the only Christianity he is able to defend,—or with a want of discernment for holding one system of Christianity upon the grounds of another, for publishing “*Bases of Belief*,” not one of which affords the least support to the Christianity with which he connects his own name. Mr. Miall seems to think that when he is defending Christianity against its enemies he may take up one set of positions selected for that purpose;—and that when within the circle of his fellow believers he may take up another set of positions, the defence of which would require a totally different exposition of the Idea of Christianity, and a totally different exposition of the nature and functions of its primitive Records. The defence that stands good in reference to a revelation consisting of living Manifestations, may not have the smallest validity in reference to a Revelation consisting of Authoritative Truths. It will not serve, to defend Christianity on the former ground, and profess that you hold the latter. Yet such is Mr. Miall’s position, when the following language, in his Preface, is compared with the performances in his Book :—

“ Nor is the present volume to be regarded by any as an exposition of Christian doctrine. The main positions taken up by the writer, and the phraseology employed, have been chosen *with reference to this controversy*. They represent so much truth as the argument seemed to call for, and no more. But it does not follow that he holds no more. He is not in the habit of concealing his conclusions, nor, when occasion does not call for it, of obtruding his professions. Perhaps should life, health, and leisure be granted him, he may hereafter, at some time or other, submit to such as may be interested in the subject, what he has been accustomed to regard as the *rationale* of Christian truths,—the philosophy of the New Testament doctrines. But this forms no part of his present purpose, and he would not destroy the simplicity of his argument, only to save himself from uncharitable suspicions.”

This we take to be a protest against "uncharitable suspicions" of defective orthodoxy. In another place, the Author "declares his own unfaltering belief that the writers of New Testament history were under divine guidance in composing their several memoirs of Christ." Yet with a dogmatic Revelation and an inspired Record to defend, he strangely makes it a characteristic merit of his Argument, that with regard to this latter belief, and it is equally so with regard to the former, it "crosses at no single point the path of argument followed out" in his Book.

In this connection we have another remark to make of a painful character. Mr. Miall affirms that "he has reason to suppose that the gist of his reasoning is peculiar to the present work, and that he has not incurred much peril of being charged with plagiarism." Plagiarism, in the sense of illicit literary borrowing, no one will charge him with: but the pretension to originality, under the circumstances we have described, is far from honourable to Mr. Miall. Appearing to stand within orthodox lines, he selects, in every one of its leading points, the grounds of Modern Unitarianism from which to defend the whole range of Christianity, and evades all dangerous association with suspicious allies and fellow-labourers, by quietly claiming the selected position as peculiar to himself. This is conduct that merits exposure. We stake our credit upon it, that there is not an original remark in Mr. Miall's book. All his "chosen positions" are the positions of Modern Unitarianism; all his representations of the distinguishing influences, the characteristic powers of Christianity, are the representations of Modern Unitarianism; all his views of the defensible nature of the Scriptures, as not the Revelation, but only the sufficient Record of the Revelation, are the views of Modern Unitarianism; and beyond this, all the aspects of Christianity which he selects as maintainable, are to be found in the very Books, which, not by name, for he names none, but as a class, he professes to answer.

We are not denying the value of Mr. Miall's Treatise; we are exposing its covert inconsistency; its insufficiency to cover the whole ground which he would fain seem to occupy, and its singularly ungracious, not to say discreditable, claim to originality. It abounds, at the same time,

in valuable truths, in important lines of argument, in just representations of the essential features of Christianity, and in clear, if not vigorous, delineations of its characteristic operations and effects. The great defect of the Book is in the feebleness of its manner, in the diffuseness by which valuable though common materials are diluted into insipid wearisomeness, and in the torpidity of faculty which is gradually superinduced by having the same idea presented to you in every possible variety of shape and clothing, by looking for a new thing and at last recognizing the old. The chief merit of the Book is in the mildness of its spirit, its entire freedom from intolerance and from unfair imputations.

The Book is divided into four parts, each part aiming to establish a distinct basis of Belief. These are, the basis of Fact, from the undeniable phenomena of the case; the basis of Idea, from the peculiar characteristics of Christianity as a practical instrument of God; the basis of Miracle, from the special circumstances of the testimony; and the basis of the Record, from its various marks of trustworthiness. It is impossible to give a logical form to the statement of the two last, for they cannot be made bases of belief in Christianity. The vehicle of a Revelation cannot accredit the Revelation: it can only present it truly, and abstain from discrediting it. And it is preposterous now to speak of Miracles as proofs, for, if essential at all, they are the things to be proved.

I. Our Author lays down a statement of the alleged facts of Christianity, and this he calls the PHENOMENON. And here, certainly, Christianity enters its broadest and most obvious claim—though not its highest, in the light of a pure reason, because its effects, mighty as they have been, show no approach as yet to its own Idea, to the adequate operations of its spirit. That can be no common voice which has made itself heard through eighteen centuries, which, through that time, has shaped the institutions and guided the aspirations of mankind, which has had most influence wherever man was most civilized, which exists still, not in its monuments, but in its agencies and living powers, and in this moment of the latest development of human intellect commands a larger share of attention, is more the centre of the world's hope, than in

the first freshness of its youth, or at any period since. Notwithstanding some extravagance and some inconsistency of statement,—such as enhancing the wonder of its spread by alleging an absolute incongruity between Christianity as a spiritual instrument and the gross susceptibilities it had to work upon, and the confusion of making the spread of a *pure* Christianity a part of his phenomenon, whilst yet he swells its triumph by the fact of its subsistence notwithstanding its Heathenish admixtures and adoptions,—our Author gives a clear, copious, and massive representation of the claims of our Religion, as based upon its undeniable Facts, as appearing in the leading features of the biography of Christ as its originating impulse; in the spiritual revolution that followed, beginning with the Jews, and passing to the Gentiles; in the history of its development; in the varied forms of mind and national character that have bowed down to it in reverence; in the changes it has wrought; in the scrutiny it has challenged and still survives; in the vigour of its existing life, and in its prospects of Universality. Certainly, the simple statement of the circumstances in which it appeared, and of what it has done and is doing, is no unsubstantial basis on which to rest the belief, that Christianity is the most precious gift of God. These are facts that cannot be got rid of. Here still living, pointing to what it has done, inspiring the hope of what it is to do, is a spiritual Force that has in some way to be accounted for. It claims to be from God. What is there to overthrow the claim? How else are the Facts to be explained? Whence, otherwise, not its past monuments, but its living institutions, its unexhausted aspirations, its unapproached loveliness and goodness, not pictured in words, but embodied in a human life?

II. Our Author inquires into the nature of the Instrument, by which such effects were wrought, such influences introduced,—and this he calls the REVELATION. Here he admits that Christianity is open to many and serious objections, if it is regarded as “an expedient for the communication to mankind of certain religious ideas, otherwise unattainable—a sort of appendix to the open volume of Nature, in which have been placed a number of peculiar truths, resting for their authority on the divine word, and

not deducible by reasoning from the divine works." The great object of Christianity, he affirms, is not to discover new truths, but to awaken spiritual Life, and such knowledge as it communicates is that which is appropriated by the affections, rather than the Understanding. The argument is, that there is in man a religious sentiment, a capacity and a desire of knowing God; that this sentiment presupposes some adequate provision for its satisfaction and development; that man cannot supply from within the limits of his own being this provision for knowledge of and access to a personal God; that the material universe, though it reveals his power, does not reveal his spirit, nor convey to the heart a moral image of the Invisible, and is less fitted to awaken spiritual sensibility than to satisfy it when it is awakened; that, yet, God's gifts and graces to us in external nature, his influences and processes, are not to be considered as experiments that have failed, unsuccessful attempts to open an access to Him, but rather the excitement and preparation of the heart for the introduction of the personal knowledge of Himself, to fit us to receive the due impression and respond with readiness; that this personal knowledge of Himself is given in Jesus Christ, who is recognized by the heart thus prepared and educated as the Moral Image of the Invisible God; and that this concurrence of the spiritual craving with the spiritual manifestation, the correspondence and adaptation between the subjective and the objective, is, according to all the analogies of God's workings, a sure Basis for Belief.

"No man, probably, unencumbered with a philosophy which he wishes to reconcile with the reputed facts and doctrines of Holy Writ, would rise from a candid perusal of the New Testament without confessing that, whatever human reason may say to it, the writers of that book plainly intended that men should look up to Jesus Christ, as the human expression of the Eternal Spirit. Not indeed that we are bound to take all the theological dogmatism which has been uttered on this theme, as warranted by the representations of it in Scripture—but that unless we are justified in explaining away certain phrases as may best suit our preconceived notions, and in doing obvious violence to the drift and spirit of the entire volume, we are bound to regard the peculiar mission of Christianity, as explained by itself, to be the revelation of the

Divine mind and purpose through the medium of a human life and history.

"If this be a true account of the obvious and explicit purport of the Gospel of Christ,—and, to say the least, this account requires us to put no strain on the tenour of the record,—then Christianity presents itself to us in this wise: It is a translation of the idea of God into a language intelligible to the religious sensibilities of man. The works of creation interpret him to the intellectual powers,—the life of Christ, to the moral sympathies. The action of physical mechanism supplies the alphabet in the one case,—of moral mechanism in the other. Logic is for the understanding, love is for the heart. And truly the plan, on the first blush of it, appears to be well suited to our nature and its wants. Our religious constitution partaking far more largely, as we have seen, of the emotional than of the ratiocinative element, demands, in order to its full development, an emotional representation to it of the objects with which it was designed to be conversant. Can we conceive of this demand being met in any other way equally efficacious, than by showing them to us in a human form and dress? The abstract truths expressive of divine excellences are powerless in themselves to kindle our affections or to govern our wills. How can they be best embodied so as that we may choose them as our companions for daily converse, our guardians and our guides for confiding consultation, our ministering angels in our hours of sorrow, our heart's portion for time and for eternity? In what accents can our sense of guilt,—a sense which no ingenious reasonings of ours can wholly extinguish,—be spoken unto, so that all gloomy anxieties shall give place to a quiet and abiding peace of conscience? How can those our obligations to the Author of our being be so presented to our will, as to secure not only its constrained acquiescence in their propriety, but its delighted recognition of, and passionate surrender to, their claims? If it be the benign purpose of the Supreme to allure us to that higher sphere of being, activity, and enjoyment, in which our noblest capabilities may have full scope for exercise and satisfaction, how better could he do it than by putting his truth, his purity, his love, his will and purpose concerning us, into the shape of a man's history, crowded with passages that come right home to our inmost and tenderest sympathies? What are the chief, the all but irresistible, instrumentalities by which heart moves heart? How, usually, are strong wills bowed, and violent prejudices soothed to sleep, and fierce enmities overborne and slain? By the numerous expressions and acts in which disinterested kindness will dress itself, by magnanimous self-sacrifice, by cheerful exposure to wrong, by meek forbearance under wrong, by the helping hand when help is needed, by the silent tear of commiseration when suffering is endured, by

heroic enterprise for others' benefit, by long and unwearied consistency in pursuit of benevolent ends. These are charmed agencies all the world over. These have ever been found, and will always continue to be, 'the cords of love and the bands of a man' the most potent to draw the will of humanity whithersoever he would who wields them. There is scarcely a depth of degradation to which we can sink from which these might not drag us—scarcely an eminence of virtue within the possibility of man's attainment, to which these might not lead us on. Well, it is precisely by this class of agencies that Christianity professes to reveal to our moral nature the All-wise God, otherwise invisible to it, or at best but 'dimly seen.' And hence the convergence of all the lines of light in the person of Jesus Christ—hence the intensely personal character of the entire system—hence the earnest and reiterated direction of faith, hope, and love, to him, rather than to his oral utterances. What he discoursed of God is not referred to as the principal medium by which he imaged the Deity to man's heart—but rather what he *was*, what he did, what he suffered—his purity, his all-comprehensive benevolence, his heroic self-sacrifice, his tenderness, his meekness. Herein we are instructed to look for the manifested God—to attain to the truest understanding of what He is morally—what are His regards to us—whither He would lead us—and how deep and moving is His love to us. Here affection displays itself with a view to excite affection—the appeal to moral sympathy is made by a previous exhibition of moral sympathy—and in the natural language of human deeds, struggles, tears, distresses, death, we have translated to us the else unutterable thoughts, propensions, and will of the ever-blessed God."—P. 121.

III. Our Author inquires by what means God authenticated and marked off a human life as intended for a manifestation of Himself, a "portrait through all the animate features of which the Father of spirits looks into the very depths of our souls, and awakens fellowship." He thinks that Miracle is the only way by which God could say to man "This is my beloved Son,"—and this he calls the SEAL. And here begins the weakness and blindness of the argument. Miracles may have been necessary, we believe they were, to fix attention upon Jesus Christ, in order that the spiritual manifestation may have had opportunity to display itself. Miracles may have been necessary, we believe they were, in order to perfect the spiritual manifestation, to show that Love is the spirit that directs Power: but now, to us, Miracles cannot serve the

first purpose at all, of awakening attention, for to this effect the Miracles must be performed before our eyes—and if the wonderful works of Christ still serve the purpose of manifestation, then they do not *seal* the manifestation but convey it, and the only seal it is now capable of is “the witness of the spirit,” the testimony of God in the soul. Mr. Miall, in direct violation of the whole spirit of his book, makes common cause with a material philosophy, with the most withering and barren of all scepticisms, when he asserts that God has no means to authenticate a revelation except by Miracle. If this is the case, then what becomes of his own previous argument that the glory of God in the face of Christ is the living countenance through which the Father looks into the hearts of His children? If we cannot recognize that countenance as the Image of His except upon the external testimony of a Miracle, then wherein consists its spiritual power as a living Instrument? We accept it on mechanical not on spiritual grounds. It must be clear, now, that we cannot *first* prove a Miracle and on its testimony accept the spiritual manifestation; that on the other hand, it is the Image of God, spiritually recognized, that authenticates the Form in which it is given, the divine beauty of the picture that stamps its value upon the frame in which it is fitly set. The history preserves the spiritual manifestation, but it is the spiritual manifestation and the according witness in the soul of man, awakened by it, of God’s spirit, that authenticate the history. That Christianity was supernatural, as not being an ordinary growth of human nature, we fully believe — that Christianity required the accompaniment of Miracle for the purpose both of excitement and of manifestation, we also believe—but to make Miracle now the only *verifier* of the Revelation is to deliver over the world to scepticism, for the Miracle cannot be established *independently* of the internal and spiritual evidence, and if it could we should still require the criterion of *the spirit* to determine what the truth is to which the Miracle bears witness. Mr. Miall, indeed, does not contend that Miracles have any demonstrative power to produce a belief in dogmas, but he does contend that we have no other means of recognizing the veritable stamp of God upon a human life. Yet Christ

refused to work Miracles *because of unbelief*—whereas if the ordinary logic is right, the rule should have been, the more of unbelief the more of Miracle. And when Peter recognized him as the Son of God, he said, "Flesh and Blood have not revealed it unto you, but the spirit of my Father." That the Miracles of Christ were the medium of divine manifestations, and are now accepted through the power of those manifestations, through their irresistible appeals to all that is divine in the nature of man, is not only a different thing, but an opposite thing, to the statement that now it is the Miracle that seals the manifestation. It is the manifestation that accredits the Miracle. In the following view of the purpose served by the Christian Miracles we fully accord:—

"They exemplify very impressively the gentleness and benignity of Divine power. They all of them teach God's sympathy with suffering, God's care for the wretched, God's pity for the outcast. Throughout the life of Christ, wherever supernatural power is brought to bear upon man, it is invariably in tenderness. The leper, the lunatic, the maniac, the paralyzed, the deaf and dumb, the blind, the dying, and the dead—such are the subjects selected on whom to display the all-conquering energy of God. When we descend to particulars, there are usually to be found associated with each case, circumstances which set off the benignity expressed by the miracle, so that on the whole the feature of it which addresses our affections is, if anything, more prominent than that which awakens our astonishment. The bulk of that which is recorded of what Jesus Christ *did* during his public ministry consists of supposed manifestations of Almighty power—and his use of that power, therefore, must have contributed very mainly to our general estimate of his character. Now what is that estimate, we ask? What has it uniformly been? Has it not been such, in all subsequent times, as to commend him to man's heart, as the most touching impersonation of compassionate benevolence which the world has ever witnessed? Put the two ideas together—unbounded power and unparalleled gentleness—a hand that can do anything, at the service of a heart that can feel nothing but disinterested kindness. Is not such an association worthy of God! But is it not also unique and novel as compared with man's ordinary conceptions of what supernaturalism would be likely to perform? We will not go the length of affirming that man's imagination, excited by religious ideas, could not have hit upon this combination of might and tenderness—but we submit with confidence that the seemly and

significant alliance was not likely to have suggested itself to a Jewish fancy."—P. 251.

This third Part is largely occupied with an attempt to establish the credibility of Miracles, in answer to Hume's line of reasoning, and here we cannot say either that the argument was needed, or that it is good of its kind. The fact is that Hume in his Essay on Miracles entered two salvos or limitations, which are never alluded to by his Answerers, but which leave his main argument substantially just. He does not assert the impossibility of proving a Miracle—he expressly limits his meaning to this, "that a Miracle can never be so proved as to be the *foundation* of a System of Religion." He does not deny that Scripture may convey a belief in a Miraculous Religion, he only denies that this can logically be effected by *external* evidences. "Scripture and tradition carry not with them such evidence as *sense*—when considered merely as external evidences, and are not brought home to every one's breast by the immediate operation of the holy Spirit." With whatever purpose Hume made these limitations, whether in a mocking spirit or not, they must be regarded as essential parts of his statement, and they leave the substance of his argument, in its only tenable form, for, as he gives it, it is simply a *petitio principii*, just and safe. Hume states that a Miracle is a violation of the laws of Nature, and that a firm and *unalterable* experience has established these laws. If he means that this unalterable experience is the *universal* experience, then this is to take for granted the point in debate. If he means that the experience of the person to whom is offered testimony for a Miracle has been unaltered in the constancy of Nature to her laws, and that since testimony has disappointed expectation and experience never has, belief in a Miracle merely on external testimony cannot logically be demanded, we confess that the argument so far appears to us to be of irresistible force, and that practically it is the principle by which with regard to marvellous stories, however accredited and vouched for, all men of sound sense guide themselves every day. A Miracle cannot be established on testimony alone, so "as to be the *foundation* of a System of Religion." It must leave its traces, it must convey something that otherwise

Bases of Belief.

could not be manifested or come into existence, it must appear in workings and effects which cannot be referred to ordinary causes. Without this men are not even bound to look into its evidences, it has made good no claim upon their notice. But if some permanent gift of God has been communicated which cannot be referred to a natural origination, then though we accept both, we yet accept neither upon testimony, for, as Locke clearly saw, it is the Religion that proves the Miracle, not the Miracle the Religion. Because Testimony alone *preserves* the Fact for us, it is not therefore on Testimony that we *believe* it.

We cannot compliment Mr. Miall upon the acuteness he has shown in his attempt to controvert Hume's syllogism. Testimony in our experience of it has deceived ; Nature in our experience has not changed ; therefore says Mr. Hume we must doubt mere Testimony rather than Nature. Now how is this syllogism weakened, and not strengthened, by saying as Mr. Miall does, and making a great point of it, that Testimony itself has confirmed the alleged unchangeableness of Nature ? Mr. Miall thinks that Hume slights Testimony by resting the constancy of Nature upon individual experience, and he claims that Testimony should get the credit of this Premiss. Well, but how does this serve Mr. Miall's purpose ? This is to set *both* the general Testimony and individual experience, against the testimony of some individuals in favour of a Miracle. Here is Mr. Miall's statement which he thinks makes *against* Hume, and we think makes *for* him, if a Miracle is offered to us upon Testimony alone, and has no permanent witnesses by which to judge of it and of its causes, either in what it communicates, or in what it effects.

" Let it be conceded that our strength of conviction as to the constancy of natural laws is immensely augmented by the consistent testimony of all foregoing ages, and it will be at once apparent that in the question of Miracles what our reason has to weigh in the scale against human testimony, is not our own experience only, but the agreement of a large body of concurrent testimony with that experience—and thus the seemingly preponderant weight in the scale is ascribable, not to the actual unchangeableness of physical laws as established by our experience in regard to it, but to our be-

lief in that unchangeableness derived from the harmony of general testimony with individual experience."

Mr. Miall asks, Whose experience has affirmed the variability of human testimony in a case like that of the testimony to the Christian Miracles? And *he* affirms that if such testimony be false, "the falsehood of it is at variance with all our *experience* of human testimony," and so experience is as strong upon the one side as it is upon the other. But what experiences of this kind can Mr. Miall adduce, in which a similar testimony was given, and never found deceptive? What are the instances, *ejusdem generis*, which he is able to cite? If he has no instances, then to say that our *experience* of the faithfulness of testimony in such cases is just as strong as our experience of the faithfulness of nature is a transparent sophistry. The fact is, that in relation to Christianity no such case as Hume supposes has any existence. There is no Miracle upon which the Christian Religion rests as a Foundation, there is no Miracle which Christian men are required to believe at the peril of their Christian faith, which now makes its appeal upon the strength of *testimony alone*. Mr. Miall himself has clearly and succinctly stated one of the true grounds of belief.

"The suitableness of the objective in Christian Miracles to the subjective in human nature, places them within the circle of *credibility*, and explains how it comes to pass that they *are believed*."

IV. Our Author passes to a consideration of the manner in which the manifestation of God to our religious Nature by means of a human person and history has been preserved, and this he calls the RECORD.

"This is our last basis of faith. The record of the Revelation makes it appeal to the ordinary tribunal, and to customary methods of investigation, in support of its statement of facts, and to the judgment of our religious sense, in support of our interpretation of them. Here, again, those who believe, follow the usual order of things—those who doubt, resort to exceptional method. Tried by the common sense of mankind, the New Testament record, carrying with it also the Old, maintains all the authority which such a record needs."

Now here it is obvious to ask, what is the "customary method of investigation" as applied to a Miraculous
CHRISTIAN TEACHER.—No. 60. P

Record? And are we bound in the case of the Miracles that appear in a Record to be satisfied with the customary evidence for the customary facts of ordinary history? Mr. Miall's principle cannot be conceded, that the Miracles like any common facts are to be taken upon the ordinary rules of historical evidence, and *then* passed over to "the religious sense" for interpretation. In such extraordinary cases to which ordinary evidence does not apply, "the religious sense" claims to be heard *before* the facts can be admitted. At the same time, though he keeps upon the most general ground, investigates no particular difficulties, gives answer to none of the questions raised by an historical criticism, enters into no details of proof except where we are afraid to follow him because we may misconceive him, and we do not like charging him with the only meaning we can find, (as when he says, that most of the Miracles are associated with some particular village, and therefore it follows that within *twenty* years, assuming the longest period, a goodly proportion of the historical statements comprised in the first three gospels must have been authenticated by the public recollection of the particular neighbourhoods, to which otherwise they could not safely have been assigned,)—his general statement is fully made out that the New Testament "maintains all the authority which such a Record needs." That is, it maintains all the authority which is needed for Mr. Miall's purpose in this Book,—all the authority that is needed for the only kind of Revelation to which Mr. Miall pledges himself,—all the authority that is needed to convey to us, not words that are to serve for the logical vehicles of infallible doctrines, but sketches that are to place before our hearts and our consciences vivid pictures of Spiritual Life. And here is our old quarrel with Mr. Miall. He says that the Record is good for a certain purpose, knowing well, but not giving the smallest hint, that that purpose is not *the purpose* for which the Record is used by any sect in Christendom with the exception of a portion of one sect whose very existence he ignores, and knowing that it is used by every other church for purposes for which the kind of authority he assigns to it is not sufficient. How can a man of Mr. Miall's intellect condescend to cast scorn upon those who deny the possibility

of a *Book-Revelation*, when he must know perfectly well that the *kind* of Revelation which they truly assert no Book can give, is not the kind of Revelation which he as truly asserts that the Book does give? They denied that any Book can give an *authoritative* revelation of infallible dogmas. He asserts that a Book can give a picture of the moral attributes of God as embodied in a human life. They spoke of the Bible as insufficient *for that purpose* for which nearly all Christendom uses it. He speaks of it as sufficient for a totally different purpose, and has not the fairness to acknowledge that *his* purpose is not the general purpose, and that their argument is unanswerable as against the almost universal conception and interpretation of Christianity. It is not worthy of a man like Mr. Miall to identify himself with such a trick as this, for a trick it is. Nor can we plead for him that he has been momentarily dazzled by an ingenious sophistry of his own origination, for the shallow trick is borrowed from the Author of the Eclipse of Faith. It is true that the only authority Mr. Miall assigns to the Bible is quite sufficient for the only Revelation that he finds in the Bible, but why pretend that this covers and defends the actual Christianity that exists in the world? Why conceal or disguise the fact, that it does not apply to it at all? Mr. Newman, against whom no doubt the scoff and scorn are directed, would accede to all he says about a *Book-Revelation*, as heartily as himself. Only, the Revelation which Mr. Newman denies to be possible to a Book is the theory of Revelation of nearly all Christendom;—the Revelation that Mr. Miall asserts to be possible to a Book is peculiar to himself and a small body of Unitarians, and yet Mr. Miall presents it as if it covered the whole problem the Christian world presents. Where, or when, did any one ever deny such representations as the following?

“Christianity is a disclosure of the moral aspect of the Divine Being, both as to his attributes and his will, so far, at least, as it can affect man’s interests and destiny, *through the medium of a human personage and life*. It has been called a book-revelation—and it is frequently disparaged as such. It is no such thing—indeed, nothing as it appears to us but a preposterously shallow view*.”

* The “preposterously shallow view” belongs to nearly all Christendom, which makes Christianity a *Book-Revelation*; and not to those who prove the impossibility of *such* a Revelation.

of the whole subject could have so egregiously blundered upon this description of it. With just as much propriety might the ocean, in which the Creator has gloriously mirrored his immensity and his power, be styled a salt water revelation of the Unseen. The book no more defines the mode of the display in the one case, than salt water does in the other. Possibly had any superficial but over-zealous advocate of the Christian faith, adopted this method of depreciating the ocean as the glass of the Invisible, he would have been severely rebuked, and very justly, too, for a stolid dullness of apprehension in regard to the spirit of things material, or more likely, for that intemperance of affection for a supernatural system which blinds the eyes of reason to the outspread volume of Nature. Is there not a possibility of fanaticism on the sceptical side? And may not even acute minds, under its influence, be led into marvelously childish and silly mistakes? A book-revelation! As if the supreme Ruler of the Universe (such is the implied sarcasm of the phrase) had no better way of showing himself to mankind, than getting his nature and perfections written about under his own immediate superintendence! But what? Is all history, then, to be regarded as a mere book description of mankind? Surely, the great and good of our race, from the time of Moses downwards, have illustrated the high capabilities of humanity, and its generous or heroic virtues, in those deeds and trials, in those struggles and victories of theirs, for which their names are yet illustrious in the annals of the world, and will evermore continue to be so. And because the record of these acts and sufferings was kept on parchment for the benefit of all succeeding generations, are we to cast contempt upon history as but a parchment exhibition of what Man is, and can do? Should we venture, on any other subject but Christianity, and in the name of intellectual philosophy, moreover, to set down, as the descriptive and discriminating quality of the historical development of humanity, that it is one made by means of paper and print? And if not, why is Christianity to be thus mis-described? Why is this slur to be cast upon its character, and by men who pass for the disciples of pure reason?"

Now there is only *one* objection to all this. The Christianity here described *is not* the Christianity which exists in the world: and the functions here attributed to the Book *are not* the functions for which it is used by the Christianity to which these derided writers were objecting. And our Author has nowhere the boldness to say that nearly the whole Christian world must change their ground, revolutionize their fundamental conceptions of Christianity, before the defence he has set up will cover

their position, or in the smallest degree apply to their case. Yet, as we must quote an admirable passage to show, our Author knows perfectly well that the defence of a Book-Revelation which he gives, will not serve a dogmatic Christianity. Why then not tell all the churches that they are holding by an Idea of Christianity, for which no authority that can be maintained for the Bible will serve as a Basis? Why protest against "uncharitable suspicions" of not participating in an Orthodoxy which he has unbased? Why not openly say, that if there are no other Bases of Belief than those he has laid down, then all the existing Churches, with a minute exception, are hurled from their foundations?

"The showing of God to men, happily, as we venture to think, is effected by means of something far less liable to derangement, to misunderstanding, and to the possible accidents of time, which could have been guarded against only by a perpetual miracle, than it would have been had it depended upon any mere collocation of words, or any dogmatic expression of belief. The display is made in a glorious life, in describing the main features of which truthful men well acquainted with it, *could* not greatly err, whatever their common liabilities to incidental and trivial inaccuracy. Such being the *mode* of revelation, the world needs not that it should be looked at through any more transparent medium than the conscientious narratives of credible witnesses—and if the gospels can fairly maintain this character, the authority of the revelation, and surely, to a great extent, its moral power also, will still survive any conceivable settlement of the controversy as to how far they are the result of divine inspiration. The memoirs of a great man do not lose their suggestive nor their educational virtue, because written by a biographer open to much censure, nor can the life of the divine man be in any danger of failing of its transcendent purpose, because in the verbal sketches of it, traces may, perchance, be discoverable, that the writers themselves were not in all things infallible."

In speaking of Mr. Miall as defending Christianity from the positions of Modern Unitarianism, and leaving it undefended at all points not covered by those positions, we have not the smallest thought of disturbing the natural progress of opinion by jealous demands for recognition of the previous footmarks of others upon the same track. But we protest against his assuming our positions as so original to himself as to free him from all charge of borrowing, and then quietly using them for the support of

the ordinary Christianity whose very foundations they overturn, as if they were either compatible with it, or covered the whole of its ground. Mr. Miall, or any one else, may take unchallenged whatever they can find in our religious system or literature, but they must use it fairly. And if they sustain Christianity from its point of view, and can sustain it from no other, then they must openly disavow all the forms of Christianity that, as fundamentally inconsistent, it will not sustain. We cannot permit our positions to be used in the service of Christianity, without distinct notice that if they serve Christianity, they will not serve the popular conception of Christianity. If Mr. Miall spoke out the whole truth as logically it is laid down in his Book, he would have to say to the orthodox world, that is to nearly all Christendom, 'I have given a defence of Christianity, but then it is a defence that does not apply to *your case*; it is grounded upon positions which vindicate a sufficient authority for the Bible to sustain a Revelation in *my* understanding of it, but it will not in the smallest degree sustain *your* understanding of it; and if you will not abandon all the fundamental positions of your Theology, then my defence is no defence for *you*.' We have no respect for the lambent liberalism that flashes outwards for a purpose, and yet deprecates "uncharitable suspicions" of defective doctrinal fellowship with Churches that have their very roots in dogmatism. Else, in all his leading views of the nature, agencies, influences and operations of Christianity, we might claim Mr. Miall as an ally and fellow-labourer. But this will not do. Neither Christianity, nor we, can be served this way.

"Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis
Tempus eget."

ART. III.—FRÀ DOLCINO AND HIS TIMES.

A Historical Memoir of Frà Dolcino and his Times; being an Account of a general Struggle for Ecclesiastical Reform, and of a Anti-heretical Crusade in the early part of the Fourteenth Century. By L. Mariotti. London: Longman, Brown, Green and Longmans. 1853.

WHEN Beausobre early in the last century commenced his researches with a view to a history of the Reformation, he very properly wished to trace to their source, the various streams of moral influence flowing through the ages, which had finally issued in that great event. In the prosecution of his object, he was struck with the constant imputation to nearly every sect which he encountered, of the Manichæan heresy. Anxious to discover the origin of this prevalent feeling, he was led on step by step in his inquiries, till he lost sight of his first design, and at length gave to the world instead of a history of the Reformation, a very elaborate critical work in two volumes quarto on Manichæism*. For the application of this term to European sectaries, little reason could be given beyond a vague rumour, that their doctrines and practices had been imported from the East, and a persuasion vaguer still, that Manichæism was some terrific heresy of ancient date belonging to the same mysterious region. What it was, thousands who spoke of it with abhorrence, had no idea. Their fear grew out of their ignorance, and was studiously kept up by those who had an interest in encouraging it. Manichæism in the middle ages was a word of the same dread, undefinable power as Socinianism is now—a vague generality which the popular prejudice associated with everything shocking and impious, and applied at random to any principles supposed to be at variance with the discipline and doctrine of the Church. But the term, both from the remoteness of its origin and the extent of its application, however ignorantly used, was still expressive,

* The work on the Reformation did not appear till after his death.

and indicated an important fact; that through the entire history of the church from the third and fourth century downwards, there had ever been movements of various name and aspect, but all allied in tendency, which resisted the demands of the priesthood, which called for a return to apostolic freedom and simplicity, and pronounced the wealth and temporal dominion of the hierarchy a heathenish corruption. The Paulicians, ramified in successive migrations through Asia Minor and Thrace to the western confines of the Greek empire, though an offshoot rather from the Gnostic than from the Manichæan heresy, contributed to the belief so widely diffused over Europe, and form the historical link between those ancient doctrines of the East, and the mysterious sectaries who appear all at once at Orleans, Arras and other places in the eleventh century, and who sowed the seeds of the general sympathy manifested at a later day, with the bolder preaching and more decided action of Arnold of Brescia, Frà Dolcino and Savonarola.

To the illustration of a brief but not unimportant chapter in this vast history, the volume of M. Mariotti now before us, is devoted. It is a monograph evincing much research and industry, but limiting its object to the recovery of a single link in the great chain of ecclesiastical development, for the investigation of which even the comprehensive works of Schroeckh and Neander can spare but a few pages. The period when Frà Dolcino lived, gives a peculiar interest to whatever can now be ascertained respecting his character and fortunes. It was pre-eminently a transition period. He was moreover a contemporary of Dante, who alludes in a few enigmatical lines to the struggle in which he was engaged*. The last of the crusades into the East had passed. The illustrious line of the Hohenstaufen that had so strenuously encountered

* *Inferno*, c. xxviii. 55-60. M. Mariotti, pp. 142-5, assumes Dante's entire concurrence with the warfare of the Mountain Chief. That the great poet was thoroughly anti papal in spirit there can of course be no question. But his feelings as to this particular enterprise of Dolcino are rendered doubtful by the way in which the allusion to it occurs—put into the mouth of Mahomet, who is described as cleft through the middle in punishment of the unholy separation he had caused, and surrounded by "sowers of scandal and schism." We think this point should have been cleared up by our author. Neander in his account of Frà Dolcino, and Dr. J. A. Carlyle (prose transl. of the *Inferno*), appear to have viewed the subject in a different light.

the pretensions of the popes on both sides of the Alps, was now verging to extinction; and the ascendancy of French influence in Italy was on the point of transferring the papal residence from Rome to Avignon. A century had not yet elapsed from the ruthless persecution of the Albigenses in the South of France; and not more than a century and a half, since Arnold of Brescia had paid the penalty of his courage and honesty at the stake. On the other hand, Universities were now established and flourishing in all parts of Europe; and the Church, aware of the strength of the feelings opposed to her, with characteristic policy had stooped to necessity, and met the loud and increasing outcry for poverty in her ministers, by sanctioning the foundation of the mendicant orders of Franciscans and Dominicans. But the measure brought with it nearly as much danger as benefit; for the connexion of these orders, and especially of the Franciscans, with the reformatory and schismatic movement of which Dolcino became the centre, is not one of the least remarkable circumstances of the very remarkable time, to which M. Mariotti's book directs our attention.

Of those who had assumed vows of poverty, some took up the matter in good earnest, and honestly strove to fulfil what they had promised; others, more worldly wise but preserving appearances, viewed this mode of life as a more covert way of attaining to the same wealth and worldly eminence, in which all earlier religious fraternities had closed their career and lost their spiritual influence. Of the former sort who amidst increasing laxity and defection still kept true to the primitive rule of their founder, was a simple, half-witted youth, called Gherardo Sagarelli. Having in vain solicited admission into a Franciscan convent at Parma, he instituted about the year 1266, a voluntary brotherhood, independent of the sanction of the Church, under the title of the Order of the Apostles. The object of this association was to revive to the very letter, the life of the Apostles as described in the New Testament. Its members were to renounce all private property and have all things in common; literally to make no provision for the morrow, and subsist from day to day on the free-will offerings that were casually supplied; to contract no marriage, but live in chaste spiritual inter-

course with the sisters of their communion ; and to spend their days in preaching, and singing psalms, and other acts of devotion. With the first believers they further agreed in expecting the speedy dissolution of the present world. Their favourite book of the New Testament was the Apocalypse ; and this, with some works of prophetic character, attributed to the celebrated Abbot Joachim, which were at this time widely circulated among the people, formed the subject of their constant and earnest meditation. In doctrine there is no evidence, that they dissented at all from the recognized orthodoxy of the Church. Neither their cast of mind nor their previous education qualified them for theological speculation. Their object was exclusively and narrowly practical. The one idea which possessed them, and which drove them with fanatical ardour on their singular course of life, was the flagrant disparity between the teachings of the book on which the Church founded its claims, and the actual practice of the Church itself. Though its language and manners cast an indirect censure on rich monks and luxurious ecclesiastics, this curious sect was allowed for several years to pursue its missionary course unmolested, or encountered at least more of contempt and ridicule than of positive persecution. It met with favour too among the people ; and occasionally an earnest individual in the regular order of Franciscans gave it countenance and sympathy. But before the close of the century the suspicions of the Inquisition were roused. Danger to the Church was apprehended from such incessant and vehement invective against Churchmen. In spite of his meek and inoffensive bearing, and the friendly disposition of the bishop of the diocese, Sagarelli was apprehended and burnt at Parma in 1300. Before this time the Order of the Apostles had been joined by a man of a very different stamp ; and possibly it might be the influence of his fiery and energetic spirit on its hitherto obscure and quiet course of action, which excited the fear and animosity of the Church, and drew down the vengeance of the secular arm. This was Frà Dolcino. Our knowledge of his history is very slight and fragmentary, and derived almost wholly from his bitterest enemies. Exclusive of vague traditions which still subsist amidst the scenes of his last struggle, and have

been perpetuated in the names of particular spots (for a myth soon gathered over his memory), we owe our most authentic information respecting him, to some notices by an early commentator* on Dante who wrote about seventy years after Dolcino's death, and was personally acquainted with a descendant of one of his associates, and to a couple of documents, one containing a history of Dolcino and his two years' war in the Alps, the other giving an account of his heresies, by contemporary anonymous writers. All three sources were transferred from MSS. belonging to different Italian libraries, into the great antiquarian collections of Muratori. From these we learn, that he was the son of a priest, and born probably somewhere in the valley of the Sesia, which carries down a tribute of waters from the foot of Monte Rosa to the Po. He was sent at an early age to a good grammar school at Vercelli, situated in the lower part of the same valley, and is described as a youth of prepossessing manners and of bright, lively parts, who made rapid proficiency in his studies. Falling into some disgrace at Vercelli, which is not very clearly explained, he betook himself to Trent, where he appears to have entered a religious house. What influences induced him to join the Order of the Apostles, we are not told. But he was of enthusiastic temperament; possessed a gift of fervid eloquence; and nature had fitted him for command. Minds of such a constitution, roused by the sight of corruption and tyranny, and not the less from the consciousness of their own early transgressions, throw themselves with ardour into extreme courses, in which they are borne onward by an unconscious mixture of the love of power with a hatred of wrong. He must have commenced his mission, some time in the last decennium of the 13th century at Trent. While there, he formed a connection with a lady, known in history as Margaret of Trent, and the constant sharer of his fortunes, who is said to have been rich and beautiful and of noble parentage. Such an association was in perfect harmony with the principles of the Order to which he had attached himself. He called her "his sister dearly beloved above all his disciples." Notwithstanding the calumnious imputations of his enemies, proof utterly fails, that this union was any-

* Benvenuto da Imola.

thing more than a spiritual one. The exaggerated enthusiasm of the sect renders it probable, that it was only such. The views of simple apostolic communists have in all ages been exposed to invidious misconstruction. Of such charges, applied indiscriminately to a whole community, M. Mariotti remarks with great good sense and good feeling :

" In the teeth of all such monkish assertions and all inquisitorial convictions, we do not hesitate to affirm, that such were never the teachings of any sect. All we can believe is merely that some of the general theories of these Manichæan divines, by dint of unconscionable stretch and perversion, admitted of some such unfavourable interpretation, either on the part of a few vicious or ignorant individuals belonging to the sect, or more probably on that of their bigotted opponents. In the same manner Calvinism might be, and, we know, has been taken to task for that predestinarianism which, by throwing on God alone the responsibility of all human deeds, would free man from all moral restraint. We hold that no religious scheme, whether Christian or otherwise, was ever contrived consciously and deliberately to advocate immorality; and that wherever, by refining on some abstruse topic, theology has ever come to conclusions warring with the better instincts of human nature, this latter has invariably recoiled from such conclusions; or at least come to some compromise by which the real mind of the Eternal Lawgiver should best be carried into effect. Collectively, at least, man has always been better than his gods; and that because man's mission is progress, and it is in the nature of all religions, as taught by priests, to be stationary: man's real sense of good is infinite, and all priestly scheme of morality is limited to time, accommodated to circumstances."—Pp. 199, 200.

Of the stormy, agitated career of Dolcino, proper historical light falls only on the concluding part. The fortunes of his early life are involved in great obscurity. It appears that he was persecuted out of the diocese of Trent by the Inquisition, and for some years took refuge in Dalmatia, where heretics at that time abounded. His preaching does not seem to have differed materially in its substance from that of Sagarelli. It protested against the wealth and secularity of the clergy. It called for a return to the poverty and self-denial of the apostolic age. Perhaps it might be imbued with stronger political tendencies. But it assumed a new and more formidable character from the superior eloquence and abilities of Dolcino, and the

warlike energy and heroism with which it was enforced. Among his followers were said to be some persons of wealth and noble family. About 1304 he ventured back into the north of Italy, and took up his station in his native valley, where the two dioceses of Novara and Vercelli join, and where he became an object of fear and hatred to the clergy. His adventures from this time till his death in 1307, have almost the air of romance. Whatever might be his errors and his excesses, it is impossible to forget the essential rectitude of the cause in which he was embarked; and as we trace his successive positions up the valley, to his final retreat in the heart of the mountains, a new interest is lent to this battle for freedom by the Alpine beauty and grandeur of the scenes amidst which it was fought.

The following description of the Val di Sesia affords an agreeable specimen of the writer's style.

"The valley of the Sesia is divided into two distinct regions. The river has its head in the deepest gorges of Monte Rosa, comes down into the plains between Gattinara and Romagnano, and enters the Po below Vercelli. The upper part, as far as Ponte San Quirico, between Bettola and Serravalle, bearing more properly the name of Val Sesia, and called also the territory of Varallo, belongs to the diocese of Novara. The lower valley flows from Ponte San Quirico down to the lower hills, between Gattinara on the right, and Romagnano on the left bank. All along this lower course, the river itself forms the boundary line between the diocese of Novara and that of Vercelli; but the upper regions of the latter bishopric, on the north-west, constituting the territory of Biella, were detached from Vercelli, and erected into a new diocese (of Biella) in 1772. In its upper course, the river flows between two immense mountain ridges, which slope down, converging majestically upon Borgo Sesia and Serravalle, and these leaving but a narrow outlet for the stream, enclose on all sides that sequestered region to which the name of Val Sesia more properly belongs." "The whole valley of the Sesia, and especially the upper district, is, at the present day, one of the happiest and loveliest regions bordering on the great Alpine crest; with wide-spreading chestnut and walnut woods everywhere mantling the mountain sides; the vivid green of rich pastures running unbroken up to the limit of perpetual snows. The Val Sesia numbers, besides two large boroughs, no less than thirty thriving villages. It yields mineral produce, especially iron and copper. The beauty of the landscape, freshness of the air, and wonderful purity of the

waters, together with the renowned sanctuary of the Sacro Monte, or New Jerusalem, at Varallo, founded in 1486, attract crowds of foreign visitors in the summer season. Some of the people in the higher regions at Alagna, Rima, Rimella, &c., are the descendants of German settlers, and speak a Teutonic dialect. The main valley of the Sesia bears also the name of Val Grande, to distinguish it from the minor vales of the Sermenta and Mastallone, and other tributaries of the principal stream.

"The valley of the Sessera (a confluent of the Sesia) deep, narrow, solitary—presents also a smiling and fertile aspect, from Bornate and Crevacore, as far as Trivero and Coggiola. Above, it is made up of pasture-lands or 'Alps,' only inhabited by cow and sheep herds, in summer months. Like the Valsesians, the Biallese are an industrious, clean, thrifty race. Besides considerable skill in home manufacture, they migrate and trade abroad, and the wealth they thus accumulate, is spent in embellishing their dwellings and churches. They are all artists by nature, and the whole region has an air of well-being, ease, and populousness, which resembles Switzerland rather than Italy."—Pp. 218-20.

Such is now the valley, into whose upper and wilder recesses Dolcino withdrew himself and his followers from the pursuit of the Inquisitors.

Among other measures by which Dolcino had roused the selfish apprehensions of the Church, was the publication of three prophecies, the substance of the two first of which has been transmitted to us by his anonymous historians. Of the third no notice has been preserved. Their contents appear to have been nearly identical with the earlier predictions of the Abbot Joachim, and are thus summarily described by Schroeckh*. There are four stages in the history of the Christian Church. The first was under the saints of the Old Testament till the advent of Christ. The second extended from the time of Christ to that of Pope Sylvester, to whom tradition made the Emperor Constantine convey the first possession of temporal riches and dominion. During this period the Church still kept her vows of poverty and chastity. The third had lasted from the age of Sylvester to Dolcino's own days, and during all this time the Church had been growing in riches and luxury and declining in piety, with a downward tendency which the institution of the Benedic-

* *Christliche Kirchengeschichte*, Th. xxix. pp. 660-663.

tine and Mendicant orders had proved ineffectual to arrest. A fourth and better period was beginning to be introduced by the Order of the Apostles, and would endure to the end of the world. Dolcino applied very boldly and, as the event shewed, very rashly the intimations of the Apocalypse to the events and persons of his own day. Among other false hits was his positive declaration, that Frederic, King of Sicily, a scion of the house of Hohenstaufen, was the instrument whom God had chosen for the overthrow of the papacy and the restoration of the Church to its primitive condition. But nothing could break the force of his invincible faith, which sprang up again with renewed elasticity after every disappointment. Hunted at length to the mountains, and pressed upon by his implacable foes, his fanaticism assumed the fearful energy of despair, and he determined to sell his life and surrender the cause bound up with it, at the dearest cost. He occupied first one mountain fortress and then another. From the Parete Calva (the Bare Wall), a steep, bare, perpendicular precipice where he had entrenched himself, he was driven by famine to another position on Monte Zebello, a sort of eagle's nest looking down on the plain of Piedmont. In the greatest straits the resources and expedients of his strategy were inexhaustible. But at last on the 23rd of March, 1307, his stronghold was invaded; his band of devoted adherents overpowered and for the most part put to the sword; and he and his faithful Margaret were captured and carried to Vercelli. There, after being compelled to witness with his own eyes the excruciating death of his 'beloved sister' under a slow fire, the agonies of which he exhorted her to bear with unwavering faith, he was conducted through the streets on a car drawn by oxen, while his flesh was torn from him piecemeal by pincers glowing at a white heat, and then his mangled carcase, still quivering with life, was thrown into the flames which were consuming Margaret. But in spite of these brutalities, the sect of the Apostolic Order could not be so easily destroyed. Traces of it occur through the remainder of the century, and we find it specially mentioned at the Synod of Lavaur in 1368. Mosheim says that it continued to exist till the time of Boniface IX. at the begin-

ning of the fifteenth century*. But ecclesiastical historians attach too much importance to mere names. The sect which Frà Dolcino so bravely represented, existed before his time, and it has never been extinguished since. It exists still, and it will continue to exist, till the final solution of the questions involved in the grand controversy between Church and State.

Such is an outline of the history which M. Mariotti has narrated in his instructive volume. The materials properly appertaining to it, are scarcely sufficient for a work of this extent, and many of them moreover are of a suspicious character. To place this tragical episode in its due relation to the general course of events, the author has gone at some length into the early history of the reforming sects of Mediæval Europe, and with the natural feelings of an Italian, has pointed out the bearing of this ancient struggle for freedom, on more recent efforts to effect the political and spiritual liberation of his native land. In the use of his materials he has exercised a judicious caution, and shewn an aptitude for historical criticism which wisely directed may lead to valuable results. His general scholarship and his familiarity with the older and more recondite literature of his country, well qualify him for the task of illustrating its history and antiquities. He appears to us, however, in the present work to have taken more pains in collecting and testing his materials, than in putting them together. The work needs more compression and arrangement. The many valuable facts which he has assembled in his pages, run out too much into detail, and are not sufficiently grouped in distinct and prominent masses to arrest the attention and print themselves on the memory. The style moreover is somewhat loose, and disfigured by frequent inaccuracies of expression, now and then even dropping into colloquial vulgarisms. We are far from wishing to see historical narrative propped on the stilts of an artificial rhetoric. Ease and simplicity are the charm of this kind of writing. But the subject of this volume inspires a deep moral interest, and opens into questions of magnitude and grandeur, which demand

* Institutes, Cent. xiii. § 14 (Murdock's Transl. ii. p. 629).

a corresponding gravity and earnestness of style, and ill accord with the light and off-hand manner which is best confined to the serial pages of a magazine. We make these remarks the more freely, because M. Mariotti possesses a power of description—a ready command and pleasing fluency of expression—which if he will only cultivate them with patience and good taste, will secure him a place in the number of accomplished foreigners who wield our noble tongue with all the grace and freedom and effect of a native. It is wonderful to hear an Italian uttering the deepest thoughts of his heart in such English as this.

“How long, O God?—Truly man’s history seems written to weigh down our hearts with despondency. And it would incline our ears to the teachings of the old Manichæans; it might yield plausibility to that magnificent theory of Eastern Dualism. Is then—one might be tempted to ask—is evil unconquerable? and are the Powers of Darkness too strong for all the combined efforts of the children of Light?—Alas! the way is long: hard-won and long-deferred must be the victory; but it is nevertheless assured. Good is not less to prevail in the end. Progress is eternal, incessant: the God of Spirits is with us, if we struggle on with cheerful manful confidence. Light pervades matter: it reaches one after another all the most recondite gulphs of chaos. Only the strife is long, and is to end with the world itself. Light must prey upon matter, as fire upon its fuel; devouring as it subdues, consuming as it purifies. As death alone brings about man’s release, so the day of doom alone will achieve the redemption of his race.”—Pp. 310-11.

M. Mariotti, as we have already remarked, and the preceding extract eloquently proves, has not been insensible to the solemn moral of his theme. Yet as a whole his book in this respect disappoints us. With a strong sense of the worth and beauty of genuine religion, which does him honour, still he has not, it appears to us, fathomed the real depth of the question which the story of Dolcino involves, and cannot of course suggest its true solution. Let us judge him by his own words.

“By the Reformation of the sixteenth century, nothing has been positively determined, except the vital, holy, ever-blessed principle of unbounded freedom of inquiry. It very little matters by what inscrutable ways of Providence,—it matters still less with what egregious unconsciousness, or with what stubborn repugnance on the part of

some of the Protestants themselves, mankind have arrived at this all-important result. Suffice it, that the human race cannot retrograde. Truth may shift its ground from Jerusalem to Rome, from Rome to Oxford, from Oxford to a Mormon city, but never releases its hold of the earth. It is not of the least consequence what Jesuitism in France or Puseyism in England may do towards re-erecting the banner of authority. Men will sound Christian evidence to its depth, they will strip the sanctuary of its veil, they must needs see God face to face.

"In the future discussion of such vital matters, the heresy of Frà Dolcino, the heresy of all 'literal Christians,' will have its due share. In fact, it is, even at the present day, everywhere most powerfully agitating the minds of all true and earnest believers. After the experiment of eighteen centuries, after a variety of theories built up on a free and easy, a specious interpretation of the spirit of the Gospel, the world is every day drawing nearer and nearer to the conclusion, that it is the letter alone, the whole letter, and nothing but the letter, that can save and must govern us; the precepts of Christ implicitly obeyed; the examples of the apostles closely followed. The communism which they preached must become the law of mankind. The day must come when there will be amongst us 'none that lack; for as many as are possessors of land and houses will sell them, and bring the prices of the things that are sold, and lay them down at the apostles' feet, and distribution will be made unto every man according as he hath need.'"—Pp. 323-24.

We will not take exception here to the communism avowed in this extract, for the author in a passage immediately ensuing, protests against its introduction by any agrarian enactments or violent spoliation or subversion of the rights of property, and we ourselves are disposed to agree with him, that communism, if it does not express in any of its extant forms, a positive, indisputable truth, points at least to the region of inquiry whence a remedy of our social miseries must be sought. Nor will we stop to question his other statement, that the Reformation positively determined the principle of unbounded freedom of inquiry, or whether, if it did, it could recognise anything more than a negation—a condition indeed of truth, but a condition which may exist, without any approach or affection towards truth itself. What we feel called upon wholly to dispute, is his strange and startling assertion, that the salvation of the world depends on its reverting

to a 'literal Christianity,' such as Frà Dolcino preached. We are well aware of the glaring inconsistencies, the forced reasonings, and the hollow compromises, which he had in his eye, when he penned this sentence; but all these, which we at once admit, and which we despise from our heart as thoroughly as himself, cannot hold us back from the conviction, that his own suggestion would replace them by something which, in the present state of the world, must involve, as Mr. Carlyle would say, an *unveracity* equally great.

The great idea pervading the religious development of Christendom is the kingdom of God—that is, a state of moral and religious perfection far transcending the actual condition of mankind, and embracing both the present and the future life—in other words, the ideal of an immortal humanity. In this idea, embodied and made real in the person of Jesus of Nazareth, we possess the everlasting essence of Christianity. It arose and took its earliest shape, in the deep yearnings and sublime anticipations of the old Hebrew prophets; and it is a remarkable fact in the history of this idea, which the Old and the New Testaments equally confirm, that the deeper the moral corruption of any age became, and the more clearly indications of impending destruction gathered over it—the closer the religious minds of the time clung to that idea, the more they saw in outward evil and ruin the signs of the approaching judgment-day which would precede its complete realisation, and the more entirely they separated themselves from the interests of the world that was, to secure the promised blessing of the world that was to come. These phenomena, which uniformly accompanied every new development of the idea, came forth with unusual prominence and emphasis at the first publication of the Gospel; partly because they occurred at an unprecedented crisis in human affairs; and partly because they were associated with the divinest personality that had ever yet appeared on earth to mediate between the spiritual wants of human souls and the Parent Mind. Such phenomena were inevitable—involving the only possible conditions of progress, of any new advance in the religious life; but, like all the highest gifts of Providence, they were open to misapprehension and abuse; and disregard

to the influence which they have exercised on the primitive records of our faith, has led to fatal and wide-spread errors. Those records, beautiful and affecting as they are, are still worshipped by the mass of the Christian world with a blind and slavish superstition. It is overlooked, that they do not express a fixed and permanent type of the religious life for all coming time, but simply reveal the first welling forth and richest effusion, under a peculiar and transient social phasis, of the SPIRIT which under ever-changing forms and through all future developments should permanently pervade our progressive humanity, and will never be withheld from the prayer which fervently implores it. They contain the history of a great spiritual crisis, and disclose the secret of the mysterious transition which bridges over the chasm between an unbelieving and a believing world. How completely the *form* of our Scriptures is *occasional*, and how the spirit which lies so richly beneath it, is common to the devout utterances of every age, and accompanies the universal consciousness of a Divine presence and authority—is a fact constantly ignored even by scientific theologians, and still more set at defiance in the rhetorical exaggerations of the pulpit. This fundamental mistake—for so we are compelled to regard it—has been the cause of incessant false positions taken up one after another by every party—hollowness and falsehood in the Church producing the reaction of a baseless fanaticism among sectaries. When the Church towards the end of the second century, felt it necessary to fix some standard of faith and practice, as a check on the vague license of heretical speculation, she collected the most authentic documents of the apostolic age, on which she could lay her hand, and set them up for all future time as a canon or rule of pure Christianity—in the juridical spirit of that age, viewing the whole collection not so much in the light of a mass of historical documents, as of a positive code. Upon these writings and the oral tradition accompanying them, differing much in the range and credibility of their contents, but both entirely coincident in the impression they left on the mind, of the poverty, the self-sacrifice, the brotherly equality, the renunciation of the world, the exclusive devotion to heaven and heavenly things, which distinguished the primitive Gospel—

the Church founded her claims to a divine authority ; to these she appealed as the witness and the warrant of her spiritual jurisdiction. But as she grew rich and achieved worldly greatness, and became soiled with the pride and ambition and luxury of the princes of the earth—the utter discord between her principle and her practice, the enormous disproportion between her vast pretensions and the few and lowly facts on which she rested them—struck every thoughtful mind and led to a corresponding strength of protest and resistance. Still the *show* of poverty was not cast aside. The Christian life was still spoken of as a martyrdom. The Church, although in this world everywhere proudly triumphant, continued to be described with absurd perversity as persecuted and militant. In more earnest minds a consciousness of what the old apostolic life really was, suggested the duty of gratuitous mortification, and produced a gloomy, unfruitful asceticism. The monastic orders with their repeated reforms, were so many spasmodic efforts to recover the consistency which it was felt had been forfeited, and the absence of which disgraced the Church in the eyes of the world ; but their resistance to predominant tendency was not long sustained ; they obeyed the all-powerful spell which swayed the whole ecclesiastical world ; sooner or later they were all drawn into the vortex and swept away in the accumulating stream of worldly riches and grandeur. The history of the Church explains the history of the sects opposed to it. Their voice was a protest against its falsehood and hypocrisy—a demand from the insulted conscience of mankind, for truth in the highest things. Their origin and conduct may always be traced to the one principle of direct, vehement and thorough-going opposition at every point to the hierarchy. Under all external diversities of name and usage, we find them everywhere distinguished by a rigid and fervent Scripturalism ; by a demand that the world should be brought back to the standard of apostolic simplicity ; by a belief that the end of all things was at hand, and the salvation of the soul the only fitting object of human concern ; by indifference to holy seasons and consecrated places ; by contempt for the established ritual and priesthood ; by the persuasion that true believers formed the Church of Christ, and that its ministers should devote

themselves to a life of poverty and self-denial, and derive their subsistence from the free-will offerings of the faithful. The life and effort of Frà Dolcino sum up in brief all these marked tendencies of the reforming sects.

The same false assumption passed into the theology of the Reformation, and betrays itself to this day in the logical weakness and inconsequentiality of all Protestant Churches. But as the pretensions of the hierarchy have been lowered by its subjection to the State, as a freer development of the religious life has been allowed by Protestant governments, and more enlightened views of the ends of society have been circulated among the mass of religious persons, the force of reaction has proportionally lost something of its extravagance, and Dissent in all its forms has become comparatively rational and moderate. Still the old delusion is not expelled from the heart of Christendom, and we perpetually trace its bewildering influence in the treatment of questions bearing on the most important human interests, and involving the highest relations of Church and State. Still is common sense again and again tempted to ask some florid and fluent declaimer in the pulpit, if he is prepared to come down from that lofty position, where he is entrenched within a sort of consecrated irresponsibility, and with downright, unflinching consequentiality reduce to practice as a literal truth in this living world of reality, what he has dogmatically enforced as a direct command from Heaven. It is this felt incompatibility between what is taught by the priest in his office, and what is taught by God in his great providences and his sure revelations to the human heart, which puts a tone of hollowness into the voice of public instruction, and intercepts the just and natural action of the genuine spirit of religion. For when religious teachers are pressed with the inconsistencies which lie patent on the surface of their discourses, too often they evade, where they should answer, the questions of an earnest mind, and take refuge in compromise and accommodation instead of boldly offering the solution which their honest thoughts would suggest. It is utterly fruitless at the present day, with its advanced science and art, its wonderfully productive industry, its deep commercial spirit, and its increasing command over all the means of a comfortable and refined existence, to

attempt to persuade any considerable portion of mankind to go back to the old Christian view of the world, and renounce its thousand opportunities of honourable activity and rational enjoyment under a chill, oppressive dread of approaching judgment. Yet this is the aspect of life continually held out from Christian pulpits. But we believe it not less impossible, to extinguish in the human heart the sentiment of religion. It is a want, an inward sense, which craves its corresponding object and its fit nourishment; and therefore we have no fear, that a time will ever come, when pure and truthful souls will cease to look upon Christ with the deepest sympathy and reverence, and to see in his beautiful and stainless humanity, the type of what their own should be—the completest expression of that spirit of faith and love, which through all time must link the human mind in childlike affection and devotedness with the Divine. Here then are two indisputable facts, man's healthy enjoyment of outward and visible good, and his equally natural apprehension of things spiritual and unseen—both of which should have been recognised and brought into harmony. But theology has left an impassable chasm between them; and accepting only one of the factors of our complex destiny, has laboured incessantly but all in vain, to arrest our attention and our veneration exclusively on a transient and momentary aspect of life, from which as a permanent expression of our being's law, the more the mind is opened, the more it sees what it is, and understands what it has to do, the more it must and will recoil, as from untruth and unreality.

We may safely predict, that we shall never witness again, in this age of industry and materialism, such forms of earnest and high-minded fanaticism as were exhibited by Frà Dolcino, and by kindred reformers both before and after him. The public sentiment is now proceeding in quite a contrary direction, and is more likely to go forward than to come back. We look to the immediate consequences without any sympathy, with some pain, but without apprehension as to the great final result. We believe that large masses that have now broken loose from the bonds of all religious communion, and gone astray in the wilds of individual speculation, might still

have been kept under Christian influences, had more respect for the realities of our being mingled with our exposition of the abstract doctrines of theology. The poetry of the religious sentiment and of the religious life so richly dispersed through the Scriptures, had it been wisely and faithfully applied to the unchanging principles of our nature, might yet have filled up with the sweetness of devotional feeling, the aching void which arid controversy and parching doubt have left behind them in many a noble soul. Everywhere the movement now is after the realities of the present world. Hundreds of years ago earnest men tried to reduce the practice of the world to the standard of Scripture. Now there are leaders of the multitude, who urge them to cast Scripture aside as a book of the past, and to apply all their thought and energy to the cultivation of the world. One extreme has begotten another. Blind Scripturalism is followed by one-sided secularity. That such a result has become possible, we ascribe in great measure to the insincerity and cowardice of the clergy in every Church.

We cannot but feel, therefore, that the difference between the age of Frà Dolcino and our own is immense; that we have to deal now with conditions of existence and materials of thought which were not even suspected then; and that the endeavour to take back our modern European world to the point of view adopted by the Novarese Reformer, would be neither more nor less than a sheer impossibility. Men, we have just said, are now in quest of realities. Let them go. If they are only guided by a spirit of truthfulness and rectitude, in the pursuit of material realities, they will stumble sooner or later on spiritual realities. They will find, that they need something more for the completion of their being, than what fills the pocket and satisfies the sense. That experience will bring them back with a genuine conviction to religion. Not that we desire this spiritual interregnum. We had rather, there should be no break in the religious development of our race. But we have shown, who are the parties to blame for occasioning it. It is possible we may live to see the world nearly divided between fanatics and unbelievers, between some who would take Dolcino's method of reforming the world, and some who would

throw Scripture and all that it offers us, contemptuously aside ; while those who perceive that there is a truth in Scripture, and a truth in the world, both of which run up into a common and a grander truth, will form a small and uninfluential minority. We deprecate such a division of parties, though we think it possible. But we desire to say most emphatically in conclusion, that such a prospect does not in the least shake our trust in the final prevalence of that Divine Word which God has at once deposited in Scripture and committed to the ever-living custody of the human soul.

ART. IV.—RECENT WORKS OF FICTION.

Ruth. By the Author of *Mary Barton*.

THE novel has been styled the modern Epos, but if, in ancient times, Calliope was represented as holding in her hand the three great Epics of antiquity, her modern representative ought rather to be typified as a female Briareus, furnished with fifty heads, and a hundred hands, and might even then not unreasonably complain of the fatigue to which she is subjected in the service of her numerous votaries. The avidity with which works of fiction are perused, aspiring, as they do, to delineate emotions and experiences in which all human beings are equally interested, cannot excite surprise. "Man is dear to Man," and the desire for sympathy is one of the deepest instincts of his nature; yet his inner mind is shrouded in a veil of mystery; his emotions, whether of joy or of sorrow, lurk often unsuspected in the recesses of his heart, and his most cherished thoughts shrink from exposure, except when conveyed in an imaginative form. All genuine fiction, however, is the idealized transcript of actual experience; and as the architects of old built their souls into the stately minsters, whose storied aisles embody the aspirations of a by-gone age, so the heart of humanity has enshrined itself in the glowing pages of romance, where stand revealed those hidden passages of experience, which in actual life are witnessed only by the eye of Him who seeth in secret; and as we listen to the wail of sorrow or the tones of joy, uttered, it may be, in a foreign language, and coming to us from a distant time, our heart responds to the sympathetic touch, and we recognise the deep truth of the poet's words, "that we have all of us one human heart."

It is not merely as the record of past emotion, as the silent witness through each succeeding generation to the great doctrine of Human Brotherhood, that we value fiction; we regard it as fulfilling a high and a holy mission in the present; it conjures up an ideal world in the midst of our prosaic realities, and men, absorbed in selfish

interests, are awakened to more generous sympathies, and their hearts, severed in the turmoil of the world, find a bond of fellowship and reunion in the affections and antipathies inspired by the creations of the poet:—

“For books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good;
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.”

Fiction has yet another claim to our regard as a vehicle for the transmission of opinion; the results of speculative inquiry, when presented in an abstract form, wear, to the ordinary mind, an aspect so severe and uninviting, that we joyfully hail the imaginative faculty which invests dead principles in the living hues of experience, and thus brings them home to the conscience and apprehension of humanity. We accordingly find that as society awakens to a consideration of its vital interests, the province of fiction expands; it becomes the chosen medium for the discussion of the vexed and difficult questions, moral, religious, social and political, which agitate the minds of men; and the various theories adopted for their solution endeavour to obtain a hearing, by assuming an imaginative expression, and embodying themselves in a concrete form.

The vast influence thus acquired by works of fiction, and the prominence which they assume as an element of modern civilization, renders it important to determine the laws of taste by which they should be regulated;—a consideration the more worthy of regard when we reflect how closely interwoven are the various lines of thought, and that by the law of reciprocation, a wrong bias impressed upon any one of its manifestations has a tendency to spread beyond its immediate sphere; and hence literature, while it reflects the character of the age in which it is produced, becomes, in its turn, one of the most powerful agencies by which that character is modified.

The highest function of the critic is to act as the interpreter of genius, which, working under the impulse of its creative instincts, may be, and we believe frequently is, unconscious of the deep truths embodied in its own productions; the critic's eye, “made quiet by the power of harmony,” sees into the life of a work of art, penetrates

its hidden meaning, and detects the subtle beauties which escape the notice of the superficial observer.

His subordinate function is to determine the laws of taste in harmony with which genius itself must consent to work, if it would remain within the sphere of beauty, and send forth its creations, "unmixt with baser matter," to charm and elevate the minds of contemporaries, and to live for ever in the thought of humanity.

It would be impossible within the compass of an article to dwell individually upon the numerous works of fiction, with which our imaginative literature has recently been enriched, and from the perusal of which we have derived both instruction and pleasure. From the ample field outspread before us, we shall therefore select "*Ruth*," not only from its high merit as a work of art, but from the deep interest attached to the moral questions which it involves. Before proceeding to our pleasant task of hearty appreciation, we shall take this opportunity of pointing out what appear to us some false tendencies, manifested in the imaginative literature of the day; "*Ruth*" being reserved for after consideration, is not included in the following strictures, which are offered in no irreverent or depreciating spirit, but rather from an earnest desire that an agency so replete with power and blessing as fiction, should be wielded with full efficiency, and enlisted heartily in the sacred cause of truth and goodness.

Novels may be divided into two classes, the epic, and the dramatic; the former, proposing as their aim a comprehensive survey of life, are necessarily slow in their development; we cannot accelerate the march of Providence, nor with impatient hand gather prematurely its slowly-ripening fruits; ample scope is thus allowed for digression and disquisition; and the readers, like travellers through a pleasant country, instead of hurrying to the goal, are contented to linger by the way, and to enjoy the rich prospects which open round them as they advance. Other novels on the contrary, by the rapidity of their action, the small number of characters introduced, and the limitation of the field of view, bear more affinity to the drama, which exhibits the concentrated essence of life, rather than life itself. Now it would seem reasonable that the extent of canvas should bear some proportion to the

dimensions of the picture : fashion, however, having prescribed a certain framework, as characteristic of the legitimate novel, the author is under the necessity of contracting or dilating his matter in accordance with the prescribed limits ; a process by which his movements are greatly embarrassed. It is unquestionably a difficult problem to expand into three volumes thought which would naturally embody itself in a much smaller compass ; and to this vicious practice may, we think, in some degree be attributed the diffuseness of style which characterizes a large portion of our modern literature.

For the full enjoyment of fiction, too, the imagination must be in a productive mood ; the figures then start into life, and the various aspects of nature flit through the mind, forming a background to the living scene ; a redundancy of commonplace, however, effectually paralyses the imagination, and shuts the portals of the ideal world ; there is nothing by which the effect of a work of art is more impaired, than by the too frequent intermingling of insignificant details, and we feel assured that if from many works of fiction the superfluous matter were eliminated, they would gain in power what they would lose in bulk. Occasionally recourse is had to still more desperate measures ; one work of fiction, which obtained a high and deserved reputation, was returned to the author by the publisher, with the request that a hundred pages might be added ; the consequence was the introduction of an episode, by which the symmetry and significance of the whole were greatly impaired ; the absurdity of such a proceeding in reference to the plastic arts would be obvious at once, and reminds us of Addison's witty description of certain Greek poems, which were to be cramped or extended to the dimension of the frame prepared for them ; they were obliged, he says, to undergo the fate of those persons whom the tyrant, Procrustes, used to lodge in his iron bed ; if they were too short he stretched them on a rack ; and if they were too long he chopped off a part of their legs, till they fitted the couch prepared for them. The publisher's apology would doubtless be that a more saleable article was thus produced. Alas for art, when it thus becomes the slave of Mammon ! It is another manifestation of the tendency only too characteristic of the age, "to de-

grade the cow of Isis into the milch cow, and to count what the butter will fetch in the market."

Another false tendency to which we would advert, manifests itself, we think, in the kind of characters selected as the subjects of fiction. From certain instinctive tendencies in the human mind, there is a degree of pleasure derived from any faithful imitation of Nature; but that from her exhaustless treasure-house of beauty, artists, relying upon this principle, should voluntarily select the repulsive for the exercise of their art, seems an unaccountable perversity. Literature, it is true, must be based upon reality; there is, however, a high and generous, as well as a low and grovelling, reality; and the true artist, in embodying the spirit of the age instead of introducing us to a region of sordid and vulgar fact, depicted with revolting minuteness, gives greater prominence to its ennobling elements, and though not ignoring the existence of evil, yet veils it in a poetic form. It is not the function of art simply to reproduce the noisy and turbulent present, but to impart rhythmical beauty to its manifold aspects, and by introducing us into a region of calmer and loftier thought to win us to a nobler life.

As in painting no executive skill, no richness of colour, can redeem a trivial conception and faulty design, so in literature no grace of style or harmony of diction can impart interest to ignoble views of life, and types of character essentially mean.

"True fiction hath in it a higher end
Than fact;—

* * * * *

'Tis not enough to draw forms fair and lively,
Their conduct likewise must be beautiful;
A hearty holiness must crown the work,
As a gold cross the minster dome, and show
Like that instonement of divinity,
That the whole building doth belong to God."

Our final stricture has reference to a practice against which we beg to enter our most earnest protest; we refer to the levity with which vice is not unfrequently alluded to. The effect of custom in deadening our impressions is well known, and it is a trite, but not the less important, observation, that familiarity with vice tends to diminish

the horror with which it is at first instinctively regarded. Let not the novelist plead in excuse "that it is not his province to play the moralist." The artist might with equal truth justify the introduction of a distorted limb, on the plea that anatomy is no concern of his. Life is profoundly moral, and it is only our superficial glance which fails to recognise God's holy law, underlying its complicated phenomena; could we penetrate the recesses of the human heart, and see the tide of emotion coloured to remotest time by a momentary impulse; or could we disentangle the web of life, and trace the outward consequences of actions, weaving their dark or golden threads through the many-coloured texture, we should see God's holiness abundantly vindicated, and perceive that His moral government is regulated by laws as inflexible as those which govern the material universe. The fact of the highest artistic genius having manifested itself in a polytheistic age, and among a people whose moral views were essentially degraded, has, we think, fostered the erroneous notion, that the sphere of art has no connection with that of morality. The Greeks, with penetrative insight, detected the essential characteristics of man's organism as a vehicle of superior intelligence, while their intense sympathy with physical beauty made them alive to its most subtle manifestations, and reproducing their impressions through the medium of art, they have given birth to models of the human form, which reveal its highest possibilities, and the excellence of which depends upon their being individual expressions of ideal truth. Thus, too, in their descriptions of Nature, instead of multiplying insignificant details, they seized instinctively upon the characteristic features of her varying aspects, and not unfrequently embodied a finished picture in one comprehensive and harmonious word. In association with their marvellous genius, however, we find a cruelty, a treachery, and a license, which would be revolting if it were not for the historical interest which attaches to every genuine record of a by-gone age. Their low moral standard cannot excite surprise when we consider the debasing tendency of their worship, the objects of their adoration being nothing more than their own degraded passions invested with some of the attributes of deity. Now, among the

modifications of thought introduced by Christianity, there is perhaps none more pregnant with important results than the harmony which it has established between religion and morality. The great law of right and wrong has acquired a sacred character when viewed as an expression of the divine will; it takes its rank among the eternal verities, and to ignore it in our delineations of life, or to represent sin otherwise than as treason against the supreme ruler, is to retain in modern civilization one of the degrading elements of heathenism. Conscience is as great a fact of our inner life as the sense of beauty, and the harmonious action of both these instinctive principles is essential to the highest enjoyment of art, for any internal dissonance disturbs the repose of the mind, and thereby shatters the image mirrored in its depths.

We are far from maintaining that the novelist should usurp the function of the preacher; his mission is to delineate life, in all its richness and harmony, and we are well aware that in actual experience the indirect teachings of example come home to the heart with far greater power than those delivered in the tone of direct exhortation; we may remark, incidentally, that highly as we appreciate Bulwer's last effort, "*My Novel*," rich as it is in lessons of wisdom, and abounding in passages of rare beauty, we cannot but think that its artistic value is marred by the prominence given to the didactic element. The characters thereby lose their spontaneity, and want the breath of life; they seem not so much to have sprung into being from the fervent depths of a creative imagination, like the goddess of beauty emerging from the wave, as to have been called into existence for the purpose of embodying certain moral ideas. The moral tone should be felt through a work of fiction, like the pulse of health through a living organism, never obtruding itself into notice, but imparting grace and elasticity to every movement; the love of what is pure and honourable should be brought home to our hearts, heightened by the rich glow of the imagination, and while our charity is fostered by being made to feel how much that is excellent may possibly co-exist with moral evil, we must never be seduced by levity or sophistry, into a forgetfulness of its deadly character.

The unobtrusiveness of the moral elements in "*Ruth*"

constitutes, we think, one of its greatest charms, and enhances its merit as a work of art. A passage from the volume of life, one of the saddest contained in that mysterious record, is transcribed for our perusal, and is left, without comment, to suggest its appropriate lesson. But as life itself, with its myriads of living agents, "encircled by the mystery of existence," may justly be regarded as an allegory, the significance of which depends upon the right reading of the truths underlying its outward manifestations; so every episode in life partakes of an allegorical character, and invites to a deciphering of its hidden meaning, and an unfolding of its teachings. It is in this spirit that we turn to the narrative before us, which seizes upon the mind with the strong grasp of reality, and through its graceful diction, graphic delineation of nature, and skilful portraiture, fully maintains the high reputation which the author has already achieved as a writer of fiction. In the pages of her recent work she exhibits one phase of a vast social evil, which claims the earnest consideration of the wisest and noblest minds, and which, in its manifold bearings, involving the deepest questions in ethical science, is manifestly beyond the scope of a single work of fiction; we shall endeavour to point out a few of the truths which she has conveyed through the medium of her touching tale, and in order to render our remarks intelligible, we shall preface them by a brief outline of its more prominent features.

The heroine is an orphan girl, left alone in the world by the premature death of her parents, and apprenticed by her guardian, a hard-headed man of business, to Mrs. Mason, a fashionable milliner in a neighbouring town. Accordingly, at the age of fifteen, she is transplanted from her sweet country home, to the uncongenial atmosphere of the work-room, and from her first introduction on the scene awakens our tenderest sympathy, when in a brief interval from toil, she springs to the large, old window, and presses her hot forehead against the cold glass, as a bird presses against the bars of its cage, and looks out into the wintry sky. As Mrs. Mason's assistant, she attends in the ante-chamber of the assembly-rooms on the occasion of a public ball, and there becomes an object of attention to Mr. Bellingham, who is struck by the graceful form, and rich auburn hair, of the young apprentice. On the fol-

lowing morning chance again throws her in his way, at the moment when he succeeds in saving the life of a drowning child, an action which Ruth's imagination magnifies into a deed of heroic daring; he makes her his almoner in behalf of the suffering child, and thus becomes invested in her eyes with the additional grace of thoughtful benevolence. On the following Sunday, he joins her as she is coming out of church, and inquires after the health of his little protégé; and at the same time devises some excuse for meeting her again. On Sundays Mrs. Mason chose to conclude that all her apprentices had friends who would be glad to give them a welcome, while she went to spend the day at her father's; accordingly no dinners were cooked, no fires lighted, and we may well inquire what was to become of such as Ruth, who had no home and no friends in that large and populous town. The monotonous idleness of the day seemed worse than the incessant toil of the week, until the time came when it seemed to be a recognized hope in her mind that on Sunday she should see Mr. Bellingham, and hear a few words of kindness from him. He gradually insinuates himself into her confidence, and at length persuades her to accompany him to Milham Grange, her dear old home, situated at about six miles distant; with artful sophistry he silences her girlish scruples, and full of innocent delight, she sets forth upon the expedition; her return to the scenes associated with the fond memories of childhood is touchingly described, and we may mention, as one characteristic of our author's genius, the happy art with which she heightens the effect of her narrative, by the graceful and harmonious blending of natural scenery with the sentiments and emotions of her characters. As they were returning from their excursion, they were surprised by Mrs. Mason, who, full of indignation at seeing Ruth so far from home, accompanied by a stranger, prohibits her return to her house, adding, in terms of concentrated wrath, that she would have no slurs on the characters of her apprentices; Ruth, in her distress and bewilderment, is persuaded to accept of Mr. Bellingham's eagerly-proffered aid;—docile by nature she enters the carriage, and, unsuspecting of harmful consequences, is driven to London. So closes the first act of this melancholy drama. The second act opens in a remote village

in North Wales, where Ruth reappears, accompanied by her betrayer; we believe that she fell in ignorance, and continued to live on in her fall in unconsciousness of sin; such a state of mind we believe to be possible, especially when we consider the halo thrown round Mr. Bellingham, by superior station and intellectual culture, which, combined with the unbounded confidence inspired by affection, would cause her to regard him as her oracle, and believe whatever he sanctioned to be right. Mr. Bellingham is attacked by brain fever, and under these trying circumstances, Ruth displays the germs of that energy of character which were subsequently ripened under more favourable circumstances; while the depth and fervour of her love manifest themselves in the scene, when, sick with anxiety, she waits through the dreary watches of the night, while the life of her lover hangs trembling in the balance. The passage is too long for quotation, or we should be tempted to insert it as a specimen of powerful description and deep pathos. A letter has been dispatched at the recommendation of the village doctor to summon Mrs. Bellingham, the mother of the invalid, a proud, haughty woman, whose portrait is sketched with a vigorous hand. When the crisis of her son's disease is past, she directs all her energies to sever his connexion with Ruth, whom she treats with withering scorn. She is only too rejoiced to find him quite willing to accede to her wishes, and ready to relinquish the toy which has ceased to charm, provided only the thing can be done handsomely, and he be spared any worry about it. Preparations for their departure are accordingly hurried; within an hour, Mrs. Bellingham and her son have quitted Llan-dhu, and are pursuing their journey, while a note from the former is delivered to Ruth, enclosing a bank-note of fifty pounds, with a recommendation, if she is not already dead in trespasses and sins, to enter some penitentiary.

Her first impulse is to follow the carriage, impelled by the passionate desire to gaze once more upon the face of her lover, till at length, when the object she sought has disappeared in the distance, she throws herself down on the ling by the side of the road and longs to die, longs for the sure hiding place earth gives to her weary ones. Suddenly a shadow fell across her garments; Mr. Benson, the deformed gentleman, who had first noticed the young girl in

her innocent beauty, beheld her now, crouched up like some hunted creature, with a wild, scared, look of despair, which almost made her lovely face seem fierce; he saw the poor, lost wanderer, and when he saw her he had compassion on her.—There was some look of heavenly pity in his eyes, which touched her stony heart. He has left me, Sir!—he has gone off and left me!—she said low and mournfully, and then burst into the wildest, dreariest crying ever mortal cried. We have not space to follow Mr. Benson in his wise and tender dealings with that crushed and agonized spirit; with grave authority, and tearful, earnest compassion, he redeems her from the death of the suicide, and then summons his sister, Faith, to nurse the poor young creature, whom he had rescued from the jaws of death, but who, stricken and felled, lay stunned into a state of insensibility. She rallied at length to a consciousness of her sorrow, as evinced by the tears which came rolling down her pale, sad face.—But holy nature sent a comforter.

“There was a stony region in her heart,
But He at whose command the parched rock
Was smitten, and poured forth a quenching stream,
Hath softened that obduracy, and made
Unlooked for gladness in the desert place
To save the perishing.”

The prospect of becoming a mother reconciles her to life, and turns her heart to God. Mr. Benson and his sister consult together as to the course to be pursued with the poor outcast; they agree to take her home, but aware of the fearful trial which awaits the illegitimate child, they think it better to conceal her real situation, and to represent her as a widowed relative. For himself, Mr. Benson was brave enough to tell the truth; for the helpless babe about to enter a cruel world, he was tempted to evade the difficulty. It was the pivot on which moved the destiny of years, and he turned it wrong.

The scene again changes, and we are transported to Mr. Benson's home; he was a dissenting minister in Eccleston, a manufacturing town, where we are introduced to a variety of new characters and interests, several of which we must omit, and confine our attention to the principal agents, the more prominent of whom we shall

briefly notice. Sally, the confidential servant of the Bensons, is drawn with a masterly hand. She is a rare compound of strong affection, sound practical sense, and racy humour, occasionally bordering on the grotesque, and stands out in bold relief, like a living reality. The scenes in which she describes her courtship and the making of her will are inimitable, and introduced with admirable artistic effect, as they afford a relief from the too painful interest inspired by the main incidents of the story.

Of Mr. Benson's congregation, to which many poor were drawn by love for his character, Mr. Bradshaw formed the apex; an eminence to which he was raised by his wealth and social consideration. He was a stern, iron man, powerful and authoritative in appearance, with an undisguised contempt for all who failed in the success which he had himself achieved, while every moral error or delinquency came under his unsparing judgment. His favourite recreation was patronizing, and Ruth found favour in his eyes; her quiet manner, subdued by deep sorrow, being interpreted into a becoming awe of himself; he accordingly desired his wife, a gentle-looking woman, thoroughly broken into submission, to pay her every attention.

We must, however, return to Ruth, who had now become an inmate of the Benson home, where she inhaled a purer moral ether than she had been accustomed to for months. In due time a little babe was laid by the mother's side.

“ A kindlier passion open'd on her soul,
When that poor child was born. Upon its face
She looked as on a pure and spotless gift
Of unexpected promise, where a grief
Or dread was all that had been thought of.”

It was a boy, and oh, how Ruth prayed, even while she was too weak to speak; and how she felt the beauty and significance of the words “Our Father!” and yet in the still watches of the night sadness grew like a giant, when she remembered that there would be no earthly father to guide and strengthen the child, and to place him in a favourable position for fighting the hard battle of life; and then, in those hours of spiritual purification came the wonder and the doubt of how far the real father would

be the one to whom, with her desire of heaven for her child, she would wish to entrust him. Slight speeches, telling of a selfish, worldly nature, unnoticed at the time, came back upon her ear, having a new significance. Little child! Thy angel was with God, and drew her nearer and nearer to him, whose face is continually beheld by the angels of little children.

Ruth was anxious to remove to some cottage, and in her vocation as dressmaker to maintain herself and her child; she is persuaded, however, to remain in her present home till her child should be weaned, and under Mrs. Benson's guidance sets to work to acquire the knowledge afterwards to be communicated to her son. An event occurs, however, which changes the current of her destiny. During Mr. Benson's absence from home, Mr. Bradshaw proposes to his sister that Ruth shall enter their family as nursery governess, a plan to which Miss Benson easily accedes. On Mr. Benson's return a reluctant acquiescence is wrung from him by his sister; his conscience warning him that he ought to tell Mr. Bradshaw the whole story. His objections, and those of Ruth, are however overruled, and Ruth is installed in her new situation.

The quiet days grew into weeks and months, and even years, without any event to startle the little circle into the consciousness of the lapse of time.

The calm, however, was at length to be broken. Ruth, with her two little pupils, was sent to the sea-side, where Mr. Bradshaw had purchased a house; he was the mover of a project for bringing forward a man on the liberal interest, to contest the election with the Tory member, and was glad to have his house clear for electioneering hospitality. We must again advert to our author's skill in depicting the various aspects of external nature, and to the artistic manner in which she introduces us to each new locality. In reading one of her descriptions we seem to look out into the open sky, while the imagination revels in the long reaches of beauty and grandeur outstretched before it. With a few bold touches we are transported at once to the Eagle's Crag, the new Bradshaw residence, built on the summit of a rock, which nearly overhung the shore below. "From every part of the rooms, they saw the grey storms gather on the sea-horizon,

and put themselves in marching array; and soon the march became a sweep, and the great dome of the heavens was covered with the lurid clouds, between which and the vivid green earth below, there seemed to come a purple atmosphere, making the very threatening beautiful; and by-and-by the house was wrapped in sheets of rain, shutting out sky and sea, and inland view; till, of a sudden, the storm was gone by, and the heavy rain-drops glistened in the sun, as they hung on leaf and grass, and the 'little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west,' and there was a pleasant sound of running waters all abroad."

Various motives induce Mr. Bradshaw to take Mr. Donne, the new candidate, together with his lawyer, to spend the Sunday at the Eagle's Crag, and Ruth is accordingly directed to make all needful preparations for their reception. She and her pupils, during their afternoon walk on the sands, are joined by the gentleman, and while Mr. Bradshaw is greeting his little girls, Mr. Donne addresses himself to Ruth, who has been introduced to him by Mr. Bradshaw as

" 'My daughters' governess, Mrs. Denbigh.' "

" 'Are you fond of the sea?' asked he. There was no answer. 'Do you enjoy staying by the sea-side, I should rather ask?'

"The reply was 'Yes,' rather breathed out in a deep inspiration than spoken in a sound. The sands heaved and trembled beneath Ruth. That voice! No! if name, and face, and figure, were all changed, that voice was the same which had touched her girlish heart, which had spoken most tender words of love, which had won, and wrecked her, and which she had last heard in the low mutterings of fever. It seemed as if weights were tied to her feet—as if the steadfast rocks receded—as if time stood still;—it was so long, so terrible, that path across the reeling sands."

We have not space to follow all the fluctuations in Ruth's emotional life during that terrible visit. We are tempted, however, to extract the following passage, as manifesting our author's deep feeling for art, and true perception of its significance. Mr. Donne is of course no other than Mr. Bellingham, who, for some family reasons, has been induced to change his name. He joins Ruth and her pupils on their way to church; they all went up the middle aisle into the Eagle's Crag pew. "Ruth's heart sank as she saw him there; she knew that his look was

on her; she moved up the pew, out of the burning glance of those eyes of evil meaning. She could not listen, but in this extreme tension of mind to hold in her bewildered agony, it so happened that one of her senses was preternaturally acute. While all the church and the people swam in misty haze, one point in a dark corner grew clearer and clearer till she saw (what at another time she could not have discerned at all) a face—a gargoyle I think they call it—at the end of the arch next to the narrowing of the nave into the chancel, and in the shadow of that contraction. The face was beautiful in feature (the next to it was a grinning monkey), but it was not the features that were the most striking part. There was a half-open mouth, not in any way distorted out of its exquisite beauty by the intense expression of suffering it conveyed. But the eyes looked onward and upward to the 'Hills from whence cometh our help.' And though the parted lips seemed ready to quiver with agony, yet the expression of the whole face, owing to these strange, stony, and yet spiritual eyes, was high and consoling. If mortal gaze had never sought its meaning before, in the deep shadow where it had been placed long centuries ago, yet Ruth's did now. Who could have imagined such a look? Who could have witnessed—perhaps felt—such infinite sorrow, and yet dared to lift it up by faith into a peace so pure?

"Whatever it was—however it came there—imager, carver, sufferer, all were long passed away. Human art was ended—human life done—human suffering over; but this remained; it stilled Ruth's beating heart to look on it. She grew still enough to hear words, which have come to many in their time of need, and awed them in the presence of the extremest suffering that the hushed world has ever heard of."

A few days after Mr. Donne's departure Ruth received the following note without name or initials.

"For our child's sake, and in his name, I summon you to appoint a place where I can speak, and you can listen, undisturbed. The time must be on Sunday; remember! your boy's welfare depends on your acceding to this request."

"Ruth did not attempt to answer this letter till the last five minutes before the post went out. She could not decide until forced to it. She took up the pen and wrote:

"The sands below the rocks. Time, afternoon church."

The interview is quite too long for extraction: a few extracts may serve to indicate its character.

"'We were happy once,' continued he, 'can such happiness never return?' Thus he went on, anxious to lay before her all he had to offer before she should fully understand his meaning. 'If you would consent, Leonard should be always with you,—educated where and how you liked—money to any amount you might choose to name should be secured to you and to him—if only Ruth—if only those happy days might return!'

* * * * *

"'I did not come to be spoken to in this way,' said she. 'I came, if by any chance I could do Leonard good. I would submit to many humiliations for his sake, but to no more from you.'

"'Are you not afraid to brave me so?' said he. 'You forget that if I spoke out ever so little, the good people of Eccleston would throw you off in an instant. Now,' he continued, 'do you understand how much you are in my power?'

"'Mr. and Miss Benson know all—they have not thrown me off,' Ruth gasped out. 'Oh, for Leonard's sake! you would not be so cruel.'

"'Then do not you be cruel to him—to me. Think once more!'

"'I think once more;' she spoke solemnly. 'To save Leonard from the shame and agony of knowing my disgrace, I would lie down and die. Whatever may be my doom—God is just—I leave myself in his hands. You have humbled me enough, sir. I shall leave you.'

"She turned away resolutely. Mr. Donne folded his arms and looked after her. 'She thinks she has baffled me; we must bid a higher price.' He gained upon her, for her step was wavering. 'Ruth,' he said, overtaking her, 'you shall hear me once more;—hear your triumph. I am come to offer to marry you, Ruth. To-morrow I will speak to any one in Eccleston you like.'

"'I cannot,' said she; her voice was very faint and low.

"'Why, what on earth makes you say that?'

"'I do not love you. I did once. I could never love you again. All you have said and done since you came to Abermouth has only made me wonder how I ever could have loved you. The time that has pressed down my life like brands of hot iron, has been nothing to you. It has left no sense of sin on your conscience, while me it haunts and haunts; and yet I might plead that I was an ignorant child—only I will not plead anything, for God knows all.'

"'You mean that I am no saint,' he said; 'but here are advan-

tages for Leonard to be gained by you quite in a holy and legitimate way.'

"She stood very erect. 'If there was one thing needed to confirm me, you have named it. You shall have nothing to do with my boy, by my consent, much less by my agency. I would rather see him working on the road-side than leading such a life—being such a one as you are.'

"'It is enough!' said he. 'Neither you nor your child shall ever more be annoyed by me.'"

We must, however, hasten on to the conclusion. Ruth is recognised by Mrs. Pearson, the sister-in-law of Mrs. Mason, and her sad story comes to the ears of Mr. Bradshaw.

While she was engaged with her pupils, he suddenly entered the room, his face purple with suppressed agitation; after dismissing the children the tempest burst forth. Ruth stood trembling.—The old offence could never be drowned in the deep; but thus, when all was calm on the broad, sunny sea, it rose to the surface, and faced her with its unclosed eyes, and its ghastly countenance. We give the conclusion of this terrible scene.

"'I cannot bear it—I cannot bear it,' were the words wrung out of Ruth.

"'Cannot bear it! cannot bear it!' he repeated. 'You must bear it, madam. Do you suppose that your child is to be exempt from the penalties of his birth? Do you suppose that he alone is to be saved from the upbraiding scoff? Cannot bear it indeed! Before you went into your sin, you should have thought whether you could bear the consequences or not.'

"He absolutely took her by the shoulders and turned her by force out of the room. He held the street door wide open and said, —'If ever you, or your bastard, darken this door again, I will have you both turned out by the police.'"

We must pass over the touching scene in which she reveals the sad truth to her darling child, and also that in which Mr. Bradshaw pours out the vials of his wrath and indignation against Mr. Benson for his connivance at the deceit to which he had been a party. Poor Ruth wished to leave her friends and her son, that they might not share in her disgrace; Mr. Benson, however, persuades her to relinquish her purpose, and with words of gentle wisdom strengthens her spirit to endure the trials which

awaited her. One of the most painful circumstances attending her changed position was the difficulty of procuring employment. She felt within her such capability, and all ignored her, and put her by on the other side. Resting on the firm basis of truth, however, her character gained dignity and strength, and a sphere was at length opened for her energies in the capacity of a sick nurse, an employment in which she found exercise for all her powers. The poor patients were unconsciously soothed by her harmony of manner, voice and gesture, which arose from its being the true expression of a kind, modest, and humble spirit. The low-breathed sentences which she spoke into the ear of the suffering and the dying carried them upwards to God.

The effect produced upon Leonard by the knowledge of his mother's disgrace is powerfully drawn; we feel an intense sorrow for the poor child, stealing along by back streets,—running with his head bent down—his little heart panting with dread of being pointed out as his mother's child—so he used to come back, and run trembling to Sally, who would hush him up to her breast with many a rough-spoken word of pity and sympathy.

A terrible pestilence broke out at Eccleston; when the customary staff of matrons and nurses attached to the hospital had been swept off, Ruth offered herself as matron, and was accepted.

"One evening Leonard lingered in the street on which the hospital abutted, attracted by the crowd that were gazing up intently towards the lighted windows of the hospital; the greater part of these poor people had friends or relatives in that palace of death. Leonard stood and listened. At first their talk consisted of vague accounts of the fever. Then they spoke of Ruth—of his mother; and Leonard held his breath to hear.

"'They say she has been a great sinner, and that this is her penance,' quoth one. And as Leonard gasped, before rushing forward to give the speaker the lie, an old man spoke.

"'Such a one as her has never been a great sinner; nor does she do her work as a penance, but for the love of God, and of the blessed Jesus. She will be in the light of God's countenance when you and I will be standing afar off. The blessing of them that are ready to perish is upon her.'

"Immediately there was a clamour of tongues, each with some tale of his mother's gentle doings, till Leonard grew dizzy with the

beatings of his glad, proud heart. . . . He stepped forward, and touching the old man's arm, who had first spoken, Leonard tried to speak; but for an instant he could not, his heart was too full; at length he managed to say: 'Sir, I am her son!'

"'Thou! thou her bairn! God bless you, lad,' said an old woman, pushing through the crowd. 'It was but last night she kept my child quiet with singing psalms the night through.' . . .

"Many other wild, woe-begone creatures pressed forward with blessings on Ruth's son, while he could only repeat: 'She is my mother.'

"From that day forward Leonard walked erect in the streets of Eccleston, where 'many arose and called her blessed.'"

Ruth comes forth from the fever-ward unscathed, but hearing that Mr. Bellingham has been seized by the pestilence, she goes to nurse him during his delirium, and falls a victim to her sense of duty. Her death scene is full of tender beauty, and with a tear for her hapless doom, we follow her, after she has put off this mortal coil, and behold her among the multitude of those who came out of great tribulation, into the presence of Him who shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

Such is an outline of the story, with the omission of the subordinate characters and incidents, which are skilfully interwoven with the principal plot, and serve to relieve and heighten its effect. We fear that the reflections which we are about to offer will be placed in the same category as the maxims which we find appended to the generality of fables, and which most readers presume to think they should have had sagacity enough to discover for themselves: at the risk however of being thought tedious, we shall endeavour to point out a few of the more important lessons suggested by the narrative before us.

The various dramatis personæ not only bear the stamp of individuality, acting and speaking like real men and women, with whose emotions we can sympathize, but acquire a wider interest as representing the views and opinions entertained by large sections of the community; the prevailing tone of which in reference to the painful subject under consideration is thus faithfully mirrored, and it may not be uninteresting to consider some of its more prominent phases.

A sin of omission, to the fatal consequences of which the

conscience of society requires to be awakened, is brought under our notice in the character of Mrs. Mason ; we refer to the absence of that tender vigilance and generous sympathy towards the homeless and unprotected, which, manifested in the ordinary relations of life, would, we believe, rescue from destruction many a fellow creature whose heart yearns for sympathy, and yet who meets it only under the seductive garb which beguiles her into sin. To those who are severed from the ties of natural affection, and who have never realized that abiding presence, whose shelter imparts to every place the sanctity of home, life must needs present a dreary aspect ; and urgent as is the duty of "searching out the lost sheep in the wilderness," we cannot but think it as holy an office of christian love, and a duty equally imperative, to shelter the innocent, and to remove from their path every temptation to enter on the pilgrimage of guilt ; and in order to accomplish this object, society must minister more generously, not only to the physical requirements of its destitute and dependent members, but also to the equally pressing claims of the affections and the soul. In the character of Mrs. Bellingham, who may be regarded as the representative of a large section of the community, is exhibited a common phase of conventional morality ; she is the type of those, who, without any hearty abhorrence of sin, for its own sake, are yet sorely annoyed at the disagreeable consequences when brought within their own sphere ; refusing to inquire in what quarter the blame really lies, they veil their own selfishness under the mask of righteous indignation, and satisfy the requirements of conscience by loading with invective the least guilty party, who, as in Ruth's case, is often more sinned against than sinning, while they suffer the greater criminal to pass unscathed. True and solemn are Mr. Benson's words :—

"We may not dare to trample any of God's creatures down to the hopeless dust ; it is his holy will that the women who have fallen should be numbered among those who have broken hearts to be bound up, not cast aside as lost beyond recall."

Mr. Bradshaw's morality again is of a different stamp, and much as we rebel against his pompous self-righteousness, and obtuseness of moral perception, we nevertheless sympathize with his genuine horror of vice, and feel

respect for the stern justice, which does not spare even his own son when he offends against its inexorable law. The common proverb, "*summum jus, summa injuria*," finds however a striking exemplification in the conduct of the rigid censor. Justice instead of being typified as wearing a bandage round her eyes, should rather be pourtrayed with powers of vision singularly acute, able to discern the several degrees of guilt, and to take cognizance of the infinite variety of circumstance which may have led to its commission; if with blind severity she brand with equal rigour every departure from the narrow way, she becomes, as in the case of Mr. Bradshaw, one of the direst forms of injustice, which, by closing the gates of mercy against the erring, tends to swell the ranks of the hopelessly depraved.

Our author has not attempted the impossible task of pointing out any definite course of action, or of establishing any general rules in reference to the evil in question; but she has shown the infinite wrong inflicted by the too prevalent custom of treating human beings in indiscriminate masses; and, through the character of Mr. Benson, she enforces the christian duty of bringing an earnest, thoughtful, and loving mind to the consideration of every individual case, which comes within the range of our experience. With regard to the deception practised in the concealment of Ruth's real position, deeply repugnant as it is to our own moral sense, we believe that under circumstances so embarrassing, such a course would have recommended itself to many conscientious minds, while indirectly it shadows forth the conventional morality which prevails in reference to this subject, by which additional difficulties are thrown in the way of those who are striving to redeem the erring.

Our objection to the deception rests on artistic grounds, as untrue to the conception of Mr. Benson's character. Those who are accustomed to regard the outward consequences of actions as the test of their moral worth, may we think be more easily seduced into a violation of truth; a falsehood affording, to our superficial gaze, an easy outlet from an embarrassing position; but to those who look to the intuitions of conscience as their standard of right, who regard virtue as the harmony of the human will with that of the Deity, a lie assumes a character so utterly

repugnant as to render its deliberate adoption impossible. There is deep truth in the solemn utterance, "In thy light we shall see light;" and Mr. Benson, who is represented from the first as a religious man, living habitually in the sight of Him "who desireth truth in the inward parts," would not have required the miserable experience of years to teach him that "God's omnipotence does not need our sin." Nevertheless, the aggravated wretchedness which results from the adoption of the wrong course, not only redeems the work from the charge of sanctioning falsehood, but forcibly demonstrates the folly as well as wickedness of endeavouring, even under the specious plea of mercy, to counteract the great law of retribution, or to tamper with the eternal principles of truth and justice.

Into this moral atmosphere, which resolves itself into the mingled elements of culpable negligence, conventionalism, pharisaical rigour, and christian charity, not always wisely directed, or sufficiently courageous to meet the requirements of duty, our author has introduced her heroine, who, from her first appearance, in her isolation and girlish innocence, awakens our tenderest pity, and the conception of whose character is, we think, admirably adapted to the poetical requirements of her position. As we before observed, our author has confined her attention to one phase of the social evil under consideration, her object being to enter a protest against the prevalent conventional morality, which treats with revolting levity the crime of the seducer, and consigns to equal obliquity his innocent victim, and the hardened sinner. In order therefore to touch the deepest springs of compassion, she brings before us a case, of a young girl falling in ignorance, yet whom the conventional morality of a Mrs. Bellingham would consign to inevitable ruin. We have no sympathy with the sentiment conveyed in Milton's familiar line:

"He for God only, she for God in him."

Nevertheless, we believe it to contain a faithful picture of a girl's creed, when her affections have been engaged prior to the development of her judgment and her moral sense; under such circumstances her lover's wishes become to her absolute law, obeyed with unquestioning docility. We have heard it objected to this view of Ruth's character,

that it is inconsistent with her life-long, and in case of her innocence, her uncalled for remorse, upon which nevertheless the interest of the delineation is made to depend. It appears to us, however, that remorse is a term not strictly applicable to Ruth's state of mind. As the eye of her conscience gradually became purged she would feel an intense recoil from her error, though committed in ignorance, blended with deep sorrow for the delusion under which she had been betrayed; these feelings, combined with the painful consciousness of having incurred social disgrace, would generate a mingling of emotions in the delineation of which our author has, we think, exhibited her usual skill. We have ventured on the above remarks in justification of the artistic propriety of Ruth's character, as a poetical conception, introduced for a specific purpose; nevertheless we beg to enter our protest against a prejudice which, in our judgment, fatally pervades the literature and moral atmosphere of Germany,—we refer to the notion of the subordination of the judgment and the moral sense to passion and sentiment, being regarded as characteristic of an interesting type of female character, an opinion which we hold to be most pernicious, and treasonable to the highest nature of woman. Characters capable of this state of mind, except in cases of extreme youth and inexperience, as in that of Ruth, may indeed awaken our profoundest compassion, but the sentiment is so tinged by moral disapprobation, as to render them scarcely proper objects of admiration.

There is yet another topic in reference to the character of Ruth, to which we must direct attention, as involving a moral question of some importance; we refer to her rejection of Mr. Bellingham's hand, conduct which we have heard censured both on moral and artistic grounds. Morally, it has been urged, it was as much too late for her to refuse the marriage obligation, as if she had uttered the most solemn form of words at the altar; the change in her affections, resulting from the discovery of her lover's treachery, being in no respects different from a disappointed marriage, whose interruption nevertheless we should not sanction. There is no principle which we regard as of more paramount importance to the highest interests of humanity, than the sacred and indissoluble character of

marriage; and if anything were needed to confirm our opinion, it would be the present social aspect of Germany, where the facility of divorce strikes at the very root of morality, and vitiates it to the very core; the pillars of domestic peace are thus shaken, and an element of instability introduced into the sacred recesses of home. Feeling however thus strongly upon the subject, we cannot agree with those who regard such a connection as that between Ruth and Mr. Bellingham as morally binding upon the least guilty party. Perpetuity is an essential element in our conception of marriage; the presence of this idea in the mind of Ruth, though unrealized, and though in the boundlessness of her faith she sought no reciprocal guarantee, redeemed her, we think, from the consciousness of guilt, while its utter absence from the thoughts and intentions of Mr. Bellingham rendered the connection, in so far as he was concerned, an unholy one, and absolved his partner from all subsequent obligation. The more steadfast the fidelity of her own attachment, the more intense would be the recoil from her betrayer; and it seems to us that it would be a cruel injustice to render binding a compact entered into by one of the parties with manifest bad faith, and who, moreover, by his subsequent conduct had proved himself utterly unworthy of a woman's love; while marriage, accepted under such circumstances, as a mere means of worldly escape from disgrace, would be a profanation of the most sacred of all social relations. Such would be our justification of Ruth's conduct, considered under a moral aspect; for its artistic propriety we are glad to be able to appeal to so consummate an artist as George Sand, who, in her beautiful drama of *Claudie*, has embodied a story similar to that of Ruth. In the third act, she introduces the faithless lover Ronciat, as offering marriage to Claudie, the orphan girl whom he has so deeply wronged, and the passage in which she rejects his offer, so forcibly expresses, in a few brief words, the morale of the situation, that we are tempted to quote it.

Rémy is Claudie's aged grandfather.

"Ronciat. Eh bien! Claudie, vous ne m'écoutez point? Je suis Denis Ronciat, et je vous offre ma main, foi d'homme!

"Rémy, à Claudie. Ma fille! entends-toi c'est à toi de répondre.

"Claudie (avec fermeté, se levant). Mon père, pour épouser un homme, il faut jurer à Dieu de l'aimer, de l'estimer, et de le

CHRISTIAN TEACHER.—No. 60.

s

respecter toute sa vie; et quand on sent qu'on ne peut que le mépriser, c'est mentir à Dieu, c'est faire un sacrilège, je refuse.

"Ronciat. La sérieusement ?

"Claudie. Je refuse."

Mr. Bellingham's character is drawn from the life, and suggests many valuable lessons, teaching that it is the cold heart and the vacant mind which are most liable to fall into sin; while the coarse and callous form which his nature eventually assumes, exhibits the hardening effect of a vicious career, and is a solemn protest against the dangerous error, that a personal familiarity with wickedness can be contracted without permanent injury to the moral nature. His demeanour in the solemn presence of the dead gives the finishing touch to our author's sketch of the cold, heartless seducer; but, as we have no faith in the existence of such a disease as the complete moral ossification of the human heart, we are tempted to hope that this scene is an exaggeration, and to believe that no man could have remained so utterly unmoved under circumstances so solemn, or could have given utterance to a sentiment so revolting in its selfish apathy, as that with which he leaves Mr. Benson's house. "I wish my last remembrance of my beautiful Ruth was not mixed up with all these people."

An ancient chronicler with touching pathos relates the story of the treachery practised by the Spaniards towards the Yucaian islanders, whom they wished to decoy from their homes to labour as slaves in the Hispaniola mines. They did persuade the poor wretches, he says, that they came from the regions of the blest, where they should enjoy all kinds of delight with the fruition of all beloved things; and the islanders, infected with these subtle imaginations, singing and rejoicing, left their country and followed vain and idle hope; but when they saw that they were deceived and found not that which they desired, but were compelled to undergo grievous sovereignty and to endure cruel and severe labour, they either slew themselves, or choosing to famish, gave up their fair spirits, being persuaded by no reason or violence to take food; and so these miserable Yucaians came to an end.

The enormous wickedness of this conduct, by which, as

has been justly observed, humanity itself has been outraged and disgraced, finds its parallel in the baseness and perfidy of the seducer; for does he not, by appealing to what is most lovely in a woman's nature, her love, her trust, her abnegation of self, lure her into an abyss of wretchedness, and into a bondage more degrading than that of the Hispaniola mine? Men may call such actions youthful follies, but, as Mr. Benson truly observes, there is another name for them with God.

In conclusion, we thank our author for directing public attention to a subject fraught with such painful interest, and one, the consideration of which is encompassed with so many difficulties, as that which she has embodied in her touching narrative. The one-sidedness of her view may, we fear, have a tendency, in some quarters, to lessen her influence as a moral teacher; from the reticence, however, necessarily induced by artistic considerations, we are by no means entitled to infer the absence of that full knowledge, and mature consideration of the subject, in its manifold bearings, which would be essential to invest her opinions with authority. We are aware also that many earnest thinkers would consign this subject to the sphere of silence, and regard it as altogether beyond the region of art; we respect their scruples though we cannot sympathize with them; so long as evils are ignored, and any allusion to them held to be inconsistent with good taste, no earnest conviction can be generated in the public mind; to the remedial power of truth, embodied in earnest words, moral maladies the most inveterate must eventually yield. And let not those who are labouring in the great cause of social amelioration, be appalled at the magnitude of the evils with which they are called upon to grapple, or feel tempted to despise the day of small things; as in the material universe, the tiny seed lodges in the hollow of the rock, and by its expansive force gradually undermines the superincumbent mass; so in the subtler regions of the mind, the germs of truth strike root, and spread forth their delicate fibres; and mountains of error and wickedness are loosened from their foundations, and the cheerful daylight shines in, where once reigned darkness and the shadow of death.

ART. V.—KEY TO UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

A Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin; presenting the Original Facts and Documents upon which the Story is founded, together with corroborative Statements verifying the Truth of the Work. By Harriet Beecher Stowe, Author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." London: Sampson Low, Son, and Co., 47, Ludgate Hill.

NOTHING was more apparent in Uncle Tom's Cabin than its moral earnestness. Every page is tremulous with life. Roused by the passing of the Fugitive Slave Act, the author wrote to relieve herself of the thoughts with which her spirit was burthened, as the cloud discharges its lightnings when it can no longer retain them. This naturalness of the book we regard as the secret of its power.

The accuracy of the portrait has been, however, disputed, and from various quarters the author has been indicted at the bar of public opinion, on the charge of having substituted fiction for fact, painted the "peculiar institution" in the lurid colours of a morbid and excited imagination, and, by falling into what the Times calls the "female error" of over-statement, borne false witness against the land of her birth. We have here her reply to the charge. It is a voluminous case, but not more voluminous than forcible and pertinent. Every page bears directly on the issue raised, and, what is remarkable, her evidence is for the most part drawn from the brief of her accusers. Out of the mouth of their own witnesses she confutes them. The Statute Books of the Slave States, the Records of their Courts, and the Advertisements of their Newspapers, afford her the materials of her justification. And a crushing case she has made out. Not a character nor an incident is there in the original book, that is not here shown to be consistent with life and fact, by evidence which it is impossible to gainsay. In truth, the terrible facts divulged in the "Key" exhibit Slavery in far more revolting colours than Uncle Tom's Cabin did, and make it evident that the writer's patriotic feelings, and her regard for the honour of humanity, induced her to soften down many of the dread

realities upon which her narrative was founded. This is so much the case, that the perusal of the Key would, from its extreme painfulness, be a difficult and repulsive task, were it not for the rich settings in which the facts are placed by Mrs. Stowe. These give some relief to the hideous picture, and prevent its contemplation from being too revolting to be endured, while they teach many a lesson of candour and Christian love. It is evident that, with the quick sensitiveness and emotional power of the true woman's heart, the author combines, in an eminent degree, the calm and sober discrimination of the judicial character. In her records of the sins of the oppressor and the sorrows of the oppressed, we can almost hear the sighings of the heart, and trace the tremulousness of the pen; but these gushes of feeling are not allowed to unsteady the scales of justice, or to blind her to the redeeming traits which are often found in the characters of the men connected with the system, and the peculiar temptations to which they are exposed.

"Human nature," she says, "is no worse at the South than at the North; but law at the South distinctly provides for and protects the worst abuses to which that nature is liable."—P. 73. "They who uphold the laws which grant this awful power, have another heavy responsibility, of which they little dream. How many souls of masters have been ruined through it! How has this absolute authority provoked and developed wickedness which otherwise might have been suppressed!"—P. 88.

She also declares, what no doubt is true, that—

"It is her sincere belief that, while the irresponsible power of slavery is such that no human being ought ever to possess it, probably that power was never exercised more leniently than in *many cases* in the Southern States."—P. 77.

Mrs. Stowe's work will be of inestimable value in America, where its authentic facts will probably excite greater attention in the Free States, which much need such detailed information, than its more alluring but, to an American, less convincing precursor. In this country it is sure of an extensive circulation, and it will do an important service in giving an intelligent and definite basis to the deep and wide-spread interest in American Slavery, which the author has called forth among all classes of our population.

Nor let our transatlantic brethren be offended at such an interest in their affairs. Every country must, indeed, like every man, bear its own burden, but England and America are too closely united for the welfare of either to be a matter of indifference to the other. There is no true ground of offence, rather the reverse, in this result of a community of feeling and interest, even though the subject be so exciting as the one before us. Mrs. ex-President Tyler may assume an indignant toss of the head as she spitefully pushes aside the address of her English sisters, but the American country generally is too mature and wise to exhibit such childish frowardness; and we trust that England is far too mindful of her own not long renounced connexion with slavery, and too conscious of the many wrongs for which she is still responsible, to assume an attitude of pharisaic and offensive censorship. Countries, like individuals, may help each other, and every true and honest word spoken on this side of the Atlantic, in reference to Slavery, will, we doubt not, be heard with attention, and pondered with seriousness, in the United States. Nothing is more inconsistent with sincere respect than flattery, and they are no true friends to the Americans who, from a false idea of courtesy, would try to conceal from them the feelings of bewildered astonishment and bitter sorrow, which the maintenance of Slavery within their borders excites in the breast of every intelligent and right-minded Englishman.

It is under the influence of such considerations that, instead of making extracts from the *Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which no doubt will soon be in all our readers' hands, we proceed to utter a few of the thoughts which a perusal of that work, combined with our own observations in a recent visit to the States, has called forth in our mind.

"Let the question alone," say some, both in this country and America, "and the evil will work its own cure." Would that we could believe this! but melancholy facts show that the difficulties and dangers connected with the system are daily increasing in an awful and startling ratio; and in no other way can it be expected to work to its own destruction if let alone, than by a violent social disruption, from the thought of which the mind shrinks with fear and

trembling. In 1790, there were less than 700,000 slaves in the United States. Then it would have been comparatively easy to deal with the question; but now the number has increased, according to the census of 1850, to 3,204,093. In South Carolina and Mississippi the slaves outnumber the white population; and in Georgia, Florida, Alabama, and Louisiana they are treading hard upon their heels. At this rate of increase there will in 30 years, should no change take place, be more than seven millions of slaves in the Southern States. It is idle therefore to say that because the system has within it the seeds of weakness and decay, it must in time die out. If it be not directly opposed by the strong moral convictions of the North; if the men who in their hearts abominate it still shrink from meeting it face to face, it will go on rising in its towering altitude, till from its own weight it topple over, and, with desolating crash, bring down in ruins the whole social fabric connected with it.

We cannot hide from ourselves the fact that the slave power has vastly extended its influence in America within the last few years. Many causes have contributed to this, but the main one appears to us to be the rivalry of the two leading political parties. Among both Whigs and Democrats, but especially the former, there is much anti-slavery feeling. It occupies, however, only a subordinate place in their affections. The interests of their party come first, and the anti-slavery principle may follow afterwards,—if it can. But as, without the aid of the South, neither party can hope to triumph over the other, there is a continual competition for the favours of the slave power; and the anti-slavery sentiment is kept down, or appeased with a barren tear over the pages of *Uncle Tom*, or an equally barren exclamation that "Slavery is a terrible evil, would that our country were free of it!" In this state of things we have, to some extent, an explanation of what to Englishmen generally appears so mysterious, and obtain a clue to the influences by which Texas was annexed to the Union to afford scope for more Slave States, Mexico dismembered for the same purpose, Utah added with the question of slavery still left open, and the whole North turned into a slaveholders' hunting-ground, by the passing of the Fugitive Slave Act.

There are thousands in the Free States who feel slavery to be a gigantic evil, but their political relations hold them in thrall, and compel them to swell the ranks and sustain the rule of its advocates.

The late presidential election afforded a mournful exhibition of this party rivalry. Preparatory to that event, conventions were assembled at Baltimore, in June last, to decide on the nomination of candidates, and on the "platform" of principles upon which the parties would severally stand in their appeal to the country. The Democratic Convention resolved to

"Abide by and adhere to a faithful execution of the acts known as the compromise measures, settled by the last Congress—the act for reclaiming fugitive slaves from service or labour included; and to resist all attempts at renewing in Congress or out of it the agitation of the slavery question, under whatever shape or colour the attempt may be made."

Such was the solemn conclusion of the Democrats; and the Whigs determined not to be behind their rivals in their bid for Southern votes. They, therefore, resolved—

"That the series of acts of the 31st Congress, commonly known as the Compromise or Adjustment, (the act for the recovery of fugitives from labour included,) are received and acquiesced in by the Whigs of the United States, as a final settlement, in principle and substance, of the subjects to which they relate. . . . And we deprecate all further agitations of the question thus settled, as dangerous to our peace, and will discountenance all efforts to continue or renew such agitation, whenever, wherever, or however made."

Here we have the two great political parties of the American Republic solemnly decreeing that slavery shall be eternal, and that no voice of remonstrance shall, with their consent, be ever raised against it! Said a leading Boston Whig to us—"We are all Abolitionists here at the North." "We have heard you so spoken of in the South," we replied; "but will you tell us how any one who has agreed to the Baltimore 'platform' can be in any conceivable sense an Abolitionist?" We got no direct reply, and the gentleman soon changed the subject. We confess that we were not sorry that the Whigs met with so signal a defeat at the election, for though we greatly prefer them, as a party, to their successful rivals, we think the shades of political adversity may have a bracing

effect on their moral energies, and teach them that permanent success can never be secured, by base compromises of principle and a mean subserviency to the greatest of human wrongs.

It might be thought that the religious sentiment of the people would counteract the influences of political ambition, and that, in regard to a gigantic sin like slavery, involving the constant and systematic violation of every article of the Christian code, the voices of the Church would rise in swelling chorus, till with their thunder tones they shook the nation from end to end, and compelled every Christian man to start back from all participation in the great iniquity. But alas! the dark cloud hangs over the church no less than over the capitol, and through the dimmed atmosphere the Christian denominations, like the leading political parties, see the evil mellowed and softened down by the interjacent medium of prejudice, interest, timidity, or the unnatural pride of *caste*.

In the Southern States the Bible is made the foundation of slavery.

"The Southern Church," says Mrs. Stowe, "has baptized it in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. This worn out, old, effete system of Roman slavery, which Christianity once gradually but certainly abolished, has been dug up out of its dishonoured grave, a few laws of extra cruelty, such as Rome never knew, have been added to it, and now, baptized and sanctioned by the Southern Church, it is going abroad conquering and to conquer! The only power left to the Northern Church is the protesting power; and will they use it? Ask the Tract Society if they will publish a tract on the sinfulness of slavery, though such tract should be made up *solely* from the writings of Jonathan Edwards or Dr. Hopkins! Ask the Sunday School Union if it will publish the facts about this Heathenism, as it has facts about Burmah and Hindostan! Will they? O, that they would answer '*Yes!*'"

Said a clergyman to us when we were south of Mason and Dixon's line, "I like slavery, it is a Patriarchal Institution." "Is it," we asked, "a Christian Institution?" "Yes," was the prompt and bold reply; "for it recognizes the divine doctrine that the strong should protect and help the weak!" We could scarcely believe the speaker to be sincere, but we have since seen a similar sentiment in a recent defence of slavery of considerable ingenuity.

"There is much in slavery," says the author we refer to, "if rightly appreciated, that is eminently calculated to give rise to the Christian virtues; for it is the only system of labour in which a recognized moral obligation enters into the contract. In slavery, if its whole scope be properly appreciated, society is held together by the ties of moral duties clearly defined, instead of depending upon that cold irresponsibility that presides over the traffic for labour in the great labour-markets." *

So blinding to the moral sense is long familiarity with an evil, however great that evil may be!

In a similar spirit to the above the slaves are taught that theirs is a peculiarly favourable condition for the development of the purest Christian graces.

"Let all Christian teachers," says the Rev. Theodore Clapp, the Unitarian minister of New Orleans, as quoted by Mrs. Stowe, "show our servants the importance of being submissive, obedient, industrious, honest, and faithful to the interests of their masters. Let their minds be filled with sweet anticipations of rest eternal beyond the grave. Let them be trained to direct their views to that fascinating and glorious futurity where the sins, sorrows, and troubles of earth will be contemplated under the aspect of means indispensable to our everlasting progress in knowledge, virtue, and happiness. I would say to every slave in the United States, 'You should realize that a wise, kind, and merciful Providence has appointed for you your condition in life; and, all things considered, you could not be more eligibly situated. The burden of your care, toils, and responsibilities is much lighter than that which God has imposed on your master. The most enlightened philanthropists, with unlimited resources, could not place you in a situation more favourable to your present and everlasting welfare than that which you now occupy. You have your troubles; so have all. Remember how evanescent are the pleasures and joys of human life.'"—P. 83.

We travelled for many days with a slaveholder resident in New Orleans, an occasional hearer of Mr. Clapp's, from whom we heard much of the reverend gentleman's eloquence and popularity. No wonder; such doctrines must be very palatable in the capital of Louisiana, and to the spiritual sense of slaveholders would be redolent with the odour of sanctity. And, perhaps, the following pious and reverent sentiment from the same divine, which we

* Slavery in the Southern States. By a Carolinian. Cambridge: John Bartlett. 1852. P. 45.

give on another authority, would increase the attractiveness of his ministrations :—

“ Here,” he says, “ we see God dealing in slaves, giving them to his own favourite child (Abraham), a man of superlative worth, and as a reward for his eminent goodness *.

Can anything be more shocking than such wretched perversions of religion and piety ? What must be the state of society where such blasphemous caricatures can not only be endured, but even welcomed and admired ? Such things would, of course, be intolerable in the North. No congregations there would listen to such offensive outpourings ; but the men who utter them find free access to the Northern pulpits, even to those which are carefully guarded against every taint of supposed heterodoxy in creed. Neither their advocacy of slavery itself, nor their mode of advocating it, stands in the way of their ministrations when they visit the Free States. We heard a popular Presbyterian clergyman from Virginia, a bold defender of the peculiar institution, preaching to a large and fashionable congregation in Philadelphia ; and his sermon was an eloquent attack on modern literature, especially the writings of Dickens, many of whose characters were mentioned by name, as being essentially irreligious, and covertly directed to the undermining of evangelical piety and faith. What a peculiarity of mental vision must this gentleman possess, to see danger to religion in such a quarter, while he can discover none in the terrific system by which he is surrounded !

The baneful influence of slavery on the churches of the North is most seen in the ready compliance of the majority of the clergy with the injunction to silence respecting it, decreed by public sentiment. There are occupants of the pulpit in the Free States whom it is impossible not to love and respect for their many virtues,—men of self-denying and devoted lives, who labour, in season and out of season, to instruct the young, minister to the sick, and soothe the declining years of age,—to feed the hungry, and clothe the naked, and visit the prisoner in his cell ; but from the subject of slavery they turn away as from an evil over which they have no control, and with which they are not

* The Anti-Slavery Reform. By W. J. Bowditch. Boston. 1850.

concerned. Every other sin is rebuked; but this, the crowning sin of the nation, is never touched, except, perhaps, on Thanksgiving day, when there is a tacit permission for the indulgence of such amiable weaknesses, and conscience may, without danger, be quieted by some vague and tender generalities on the subject. Meanwhile the day of election comes round, and the votes of such ministers go to sustain the candidates, who at Washington pass the Fugitive Slave Act, and at Baltimore declare they will for ever uphold the detestable enactment, deprecating all further agitation of the question "whenever, wherever, and however made."

When, in April, 1851, a man named Simms was seized in the streets of Boston and sent back to Georgia, there to be lashed and tortured with the cow-hide, for daring to regard himself as a man and not a chattel, it was felt in this country to be some mitigation of the shame and disgrace brought upon the city, that the inhabitants manifested a galled and almost frantic sense of injury, at the perpetration of so cruel a wrong. But hear what was the voice from one Boston pulpit at least on that occasion, and that a pulpit occupied by a clergyman whom we know to be a man of amiable and kindly feelings, and much beloved by those most intimately acquainted with him. To avoid an outbreak of indignation on the part of the people, the fugitive was seized by stratagem. Two police-officers in disguise pounced upon him and took him up upon a false charge. When, however, it became known that he was arrested as a fugitive slave, such was the excitement in Boston, it was deemed necessary to surround the Court House with chains, and conduct the mock trial before the Slave Commissioner—a trial without a jury—under the guard of a strong civil force. Just seven days after this seizure, and two days before Simms was shipped off to slavery, the minister of the Twelfth Congregational Church thus discoursed to his congregation:—

"Can we help thinking with painful regret, as inhabitants of Boston, that a city, so distinguished in times past as ours for its quiet submission to the laws of the land, should contain within its bosom the elements of treasonable hostility to officers and edicts of the Government? Can we help thinking, with painful regret, that so many are found amongst us, who do all they can by word, and

all they dare by act, to render null and void, by illegal means, a principle of the National Constitution and an enactment of the Congress of the United States? . . . Can we help thinking, with painful regret, that the state of things, even here in the metropolis of New England, is such as to require, as a wise and necessary precaution, that chains should surround the court house, and that the police be sustained by the reserved power of military companies in readiness for active duty, night and day? With painful regret did I say? The phrase is altogether too insignificant. . . . If you and I, brethren, have had grace to be on the right side, as to these matters, we will rejoice and be grateful, yet not forgetting, before God, our sinfulness in other respects; and though shocked and offended by the conduct of those who have taken an opposite course, let us endeavour this day, to supplicate on their behalf, in the spirit of our Saviour's prayer for his enemies, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' " *

When we commenced reading this passage, though we were prepared to hear obedience to the Fugitive Slave Law enforced, we expected to read burning words of anguish and regret at such a dread necessity; outpourings of shame and mortification that the streets of Boston should be the scene of such a legalized atrocity, and expressions of deep sympathy with the wronged and outraged victim. But not one word of this character escapes the preacher's lips, and when we call to mind our own observations of his kindly courteous spirit, and the high character he bears amongst his parishioners, we are lost in sorrowful amazement as we contemplate the painful fact.

It seems scarcely credible on this side of the Atlantic, that obedience to a law so revolting to the moral sense of mankind should have been so earnestly enforced from the pulpit. We confess that our sympathies go entirely with those, who, while offering no active resistance, refuse obedience to the enactment. It is no light thing to show disrespect to the majesty of law. But if the law-maker call upon us to do what is morally wrong,—if he demand of us that we run counter to those instinctive conceptions of right and reason which, in all free countries, take precedence of statute-obligations, he has forfeited his claim to our obedience. And we rejoice to be able to

* Discourse delivered in the Twelfth Congregational Church, Boston, on Fast Day, April 10th, 1851. By the Rev. Dr. Barrett. Printed by Request. Boston. 1851. Eastburn's Press.

quote the following clear and forcible remarks from another clergyman, near Boston, in reference to this subject :—

“ Civil government has its constituted limits ; its God-appointed sphere. In its requisitions within those limits and that sphere, to its laws which violate no sense of obligation to a moral law, we are to be obedient. We may deem its enactments unwise and inexpedient, but may not, for that reason, disobey them. We have confided the judgment of these points to the government, and must abide by that judgment. We may feel its enactments to be oppressive and injurious,—they may abridge our comforts, they may waste our fortunes, they may restrain us in the exercise of natural rights and civil privileges : but we may not, for this reason, disobey and resist them. The authority of government is a rightful one, even in its abuse, while it keeps itself within its constituted limits. We are to bear with the personal evils which the State inflicts, or take ourselves from its jurisdiction, until, through legitimate and constitutional methods, we may obtain relief—excepting always those instances of general and extreme oppression, constitutionally irremediable, which justify revolution. We have no right in view of our personal grievances, so far as they relate to physical and secular interests, to put in jeopardy, by a resistance to government, and by our example of disobedience to its authority, the good which, on the whole, it may be the medium of conferring. So much we may concede. But when government, by its enactments, demands of us the doing of an *unrighteous* and *inhuman* act, known and felt as such by the enlightened judgment of mankind ; demands what seems to us a palpable violation of the law of God ;—when it thus invades the region of the moral sentiments ;—when it breaks into the sacred court of conscience ; the case is widely different. It has, in so doing, transcended its constituted limits. It has gone out from its appointed sphere. It has assumed a right which was never given it—which it was never designed it should possess. It has dared the attempt to extend its sway where God has reserved to Himself the sole prerogative of reigning ; and *disobedience* is the sacred obligation. Government may sin against me, if it will, and answer for it to its great Ordainer ; but it may not compel me to *sin*. It may inflict injury upon me, if so, in its perversity or its ignorance, it choose to do ;—I will endure it ;—but it may not compel me to inflict injury upon another, whom God is telling me to befriend. It may not compel me to violate the immortal sentiments of justice and mercy which God's own spirit breathed within me when He gave me being. It has no right to do this ; and I have no right, as a moral and accountable being, to obey it, if it should. I have no *right*. It is not left to my choice. The line of duty is proclaimed to me by the voice of the Infinite within my soul. The question

of consequences, *then*, is an impertinence. As I have a soul to save and an account to give, I must, at all hazards, obey God." *

This is well said, and we would, for the honour of our common Christianity, that such had been the doctrine taught from all the pulpits of New England, and that in no case had law been set up as paramount to justice.

No part of Mrs. Stowe's *Key* is more conclusive than that in which she shows that her descriptions of the revolting traffic in slaves, with all its consequent licentiousness and ruthless trampling on the holiest affections, were no exaggerations. We wonder that she should have been challenged to the proof. Almost every Southern newspaper confirms her statements, and public auctions may be daily seen, where families are broken up, and the most sacred ties sundered with as much indifference as a stud of horses would be scattered at an English fair, or a calf sold away from the mother cow. Mrs. Stowe has handled this subject with great skill. She has given a glimpse of the charnel-house sufficient to indicate its foulness, without making her book unreadable by too full a disclosure. We have heard it said that the atrocity of American slavery is its protection, and there is some truth in the remark, for it is impossible to draw aside the veil and show it forth in all its revolting details.

Much of what Mrs. Stowe says about the slave auctions we are able to confirm from our own experience. On the morning of the 4th August, last year, we visited the auction room of Messrs. Pulliam and Davis, in Richmond, Virginia. When we entered the room, nearly half an hour before the sale was to commence, there were about forty dealers present, engaged in examining the lots of slaves that were to be sold, feeling their hands, shoulders, hips and legs, and looking into their mouths. Some few of the dealers were of benevolent and even gentlemanly appearance; but most of them had a coarse, hard, sensual, and brutish look. Many of them had tablets in their hands, upon which they made notes. Seeing this, we felt we might also write without exciting notice; we therefore mingled amongst them, and it is from memoranda which we made on the spot that this statement is given.

* *The Limits of Civil Obedience.* A Sermon preached in the First Church, Dorchester, January 12th, 1851. By Nathaniel Hall. Boston: Crosby and Nichols.

Among the slaves about to be sold were several young women, a few children, a mother, with a boy about three years old in her lap, and two men. The majority were only partially black, and some of them were nearly white. The mother with the little boy told us, with a deep sigh, that she had had five children, who, she believed, were all living, but this was the only one left with her. As we were not ambitious of a ducking in James' River, or a coat of tar and feathers, we did not venture, when surrounded by so many acute eyes and ears, to ask further particulars. But the mother's manner told plainly enough that the rest of her children had been sold away from her.

One very interesting-looking girl of about 15 was treated with great indignity by many of the men. "She's a respectable article, ain't she?" exclaimed one of them, passing his hand over her face and shoulders. "Yes," was the reply, "very nice." When she was afterwards put up on the auction stand, her personal attractions were much commended, and the biddings proceeded briskly till they reached upwards of 700 dollars; at 770 they remained stationary for some time, when the auctioneer declared that he couldn't sell her for that price, and she was led down. We witnessed scenes at this sale, as we saw men, women, and children sold, that made us blush for humanity; but it would occupy too much space to enter into the shocking details. We attended two other public sales on the same morning. At the last, which was held at Messrs. Dickenson and Brothers in Franklin Street, there was a screen which shut off a small part of the room. Shortly after we entered, an invitation was given to the assemblage to come behind the screen, and examine three of the men who were to be sold. The backs of all of them were seamed with the gashes of the whip, and this was the case, to our surprise, with most of the men whom we saw thus examined. After a time, the auctioneer's attendant, taking two girls by the hand about 15 years of age, exclaimed in an ironical tone, "Come, gentlemen, come and see these two young ladies," and then led them behind the screen. We afterwards saw a woman of 30, with an infant in her arms, treated in the same way. Into a description of these examinations it is impossible to enter. They were too shamelessly shocking,

too revolting to all sense of decency to allow even of the most general description. Had we heard or read of such things as we witnessed on this occasion, we could not have believed them. It was with difficulty we could suppress the heavings of indignation that swelled within us. Hastily we left the scene, and emerged into the streets; but there was nothing there to correspond with our own excitement. People were walking to and fro, each intent on his own business, and with no consciousness that anything remarkable was going forward; the sounds of music were audible from the open windows of many an elegant home, and tapering spires pointed in silent but expressive mockery to the heavens. We hurried on till we came to the *depôt* of a religious society. Here at least, we thought, we may express our feelings, though we may not look for a response of sympathy. We accordingly entered, introduced ourselves to two gentlemen—one of them apparently a clergyman—mentioned where we had been and what we had seen, and then begged them to explain to us how Christian churches could exist side by side with such atrocities, and yet countenance them by their silence. One of the gentlemen, with a satirical smile, said—"You are a new comer, sir! When you have been a little longer at the South, you'll understand these things better, and be less agitated by them!" In the course of a long conversation that followed we were told that we had been amongst a bad set of men; that while the Church did countenance slavery, it refused to "fellowship" slave-dealers; that we ought to remember that the African race had greatly advanced in civilization by their residence in America, and that though the system was accompanied with many evils, owing to the wickedness of individuals, it had been, on the whole, a blessing. We had seen too much of the dark facts of the case, and were too profoundly convinced of the essential sinfulness of reducing men to things, to be affected by such reasoning, and in answer to it we in effect exclaimed:—

"O why with foolish fondness would ye strive
To dress a devil in an angel's garb,
And bid mankind adore him?"

The next day we witnessed scenes even more tragical. We saw a *Legree* half drunk, and with tobacco juice
CHRISTIAN TEACHER.—No. 60. T

flowing from each corner of his mouth, offering the most scandalous insults to a mother and her quadroon daughter whom he had brought to the sale; and instead of being rebuked for his obscene language and conduct, or kicked from the place, the whole affair was regarded as a laughable joke. We saw the agonizing distress of the two victims when they were separated for ever, one to go to Alabama, and the other to remain in the neighbourhood of Richmond. We saw two brothers of the same family sold in two other directions. We saw a wife separated from her husband. We saw every family tie trampled upon, crushed, and broken. The very atmosphere of the place seemed loaded with agony; and when we ventured to speak to the mother and daughter mentioned above, and suggest the possibility of their meeting again, we were answered by bursting sighs and groans; but though we have the details of the woeful scenes we cannot here give them.

One of the sales must, however, be more distinctly noticed. Among the advertisements which we had read in the Richmond papers was the following from the "Weekly Dispatch" of August 3rd, 1852:—

"SALE UNDER DECREE OF THE COURT.—By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court of Chancery, pronounced on the 4th May, 1852, in the suit of Colquitt v. Ellis and Co., I will sell to the highest bidder, for Cash, a Negro Woman (Mason) at the Auction Room of N. B. and C. B. H., on Thursday, the 5th August, 1852.

"Thomas W. Doswell,

"Commissioner."

We witnessed the sale thus announced, at the auction room of Messrs. Hill, and we can never forget the scene. When this Chancery victim was called forth, we saw that she was suffering from extreme illness. Her countenance was emaciated, her arms thin and wasted away, and her tottering legs almost gave way beneath her shrunken, withered frame. Her age was not announced, but we should judge she was between 20 and 25. Supporting herself by a long staff, which she grasped with both her hands, she with difficulty reached the stand, and then, with the assistance of the attendant, ascended it. It was a heart-bleeding sight to see a human being, who ought to have been receiving the tenderest attentions of the nurse, thus

cruelly dragged forward to be sold. Her suffering appearance, however, only excited the jeers and ridicule of the assembled dealers. They did not see a human being before them, but only a worthless piece of property. They looked at the spectacle only from a commercial point of view, and were affected by what to them appeared the ludicrousness of seizing on execution and selling such an *article* to pay the debts of *its* owner. The auctioneer exclaimed, "There's nothing warranted here, gentlemen, but the title!" This cruel allusion to the woman's sufferings was received with great laughter. "There's a debt," he added, "the Court has decreed they shall pay it, and this," pointing to the woman, "is all they have to pay it with. And now, who'll bid?" "One dollar!" exclaimed a dealer, jeeringly, and again there was a volley of brutal laughter. The auctioneer said that he could not take a bid of less than five dollars. That sum was offered, and after a little delay the amount reached fifteen dollars, for which sum the poor woman was sold.

As we looked upon these scenes, the usual pleas for inaction and delay in reference to this awful question were scorched and shrivelled in the fire of indignation awakened within us, and we mentally exclaimed, If there be a God; if there be such a principle as Justice; if Religion be not a sham, and humanity a pretence, here are villanies that call for instant suppression, that ought not to be tolerated for a moment, that should be proscribed as wicked abominations to be for ever cast away, let the cost, the sacrifice, the risk, be what it may.

We know it is said that the slaves do not suffer by the disruptions of family ties, but, as Mrs. Stowe truly remarks—

"Every day and hour bears living witness of the falsehood of this slander, the more false because spoken of a race peculiarly affectionate, and strong, vivacious and vehement in the expression of their feelings."—P. 107.

What a tragic commentary on the above plea is the following, which we cut out of the Boston morning journal of Sept. 25th, 1852:—

"A negro woman belonging to George M. Garrison, of Polk Co., killed four of her children by cutting their throats while they were asleep, on Thursday night, the 2nd instant, and then put an end to

her own existence by cutting her throat. Her master knows of no cause for the horrid act, unless it be that she heard him speak of selling her and two of her children and keeping the others."—*Cassville Standard*.

How coolly is the cause of the mother's phrenzy spoken of! But it must be hard for those who are always accustomed to look on coloured people as goods and chattels to conceive of them as having human feelings.

The assertion that the separation of families is a rare thing, Mrs. Stowe has met by an overwhelming array of facts, showing that such separations are taking place daily, and by wholesale. Our own experience forced the same conclusion upon us. Indeed, no reader of the newspapers of the South can be unacquainted with the fact. The advertisements of the dealers sufficiently reveal it. We had arranged a number of such advertisements which we cut from the papers, in addition to those given by Mrs. Stowe, but they would take up too much space.

The domestic slave-trade could not be carried on without the constant separation of families, and this trade is the main stay of slavery in Missouri, Maryland, Kentucky, and Virginia. In many of the villages and towns of the latter State, we saw large families of coloured children belonging to persons who had no means of employing them when old enough for work, and we looked upon these merry-laughing little boys and girls with the melancholy certainty that before long, as soon as their muscular strength was a little more developed, they would be in the hands of the slave-dealer, led to the auction, and borne off to the rice swamps of Carolina, the cotton fields of Georgia, or the sugar plantations of Louisiana, never again to see or hear of the mother upon whose bosom they had been nursed, or the brothers and sisters with whom they had gambolled in the early days of childhood. There are more slaves in Virginia than in any other State, though the demand for their labour is much less than in most of the States farther South.* But there is no mystery in this. They are raised for the market. Slave-breeding is a great trade in Virginia. To many of the farmers of the "old dominion," their human stock is their staple reliance, and their crop of slaves of more importance than their crops of

* In 1850 there were 472,528 slaves in Virginia.

tobacco or corn. We cannot dwell on this subject. The foreign slave-trade, with all its sanguinary consequences in Africa, and all the horrors of the middle passage, is shocking beyond description, but this domestic slave-trade of America is more revolting still. It

“instils

Its deadly venom through each secret pore,
And taints the vital source of public weal.”

In numberless cases it eats out all moral feeling, subverts all natural affection, and the sale of children by their own fathers is a thing of not uncommon occurrence.

A slaveholder, in the valley of the James' River Canal, spoke with great feeling to us on this subject. He said that since his own sons had grown up he dreaded to look at the evil, and yet the sight of it dogged him by day, and its apparition haunted him at night. His soul sickened at the thought, and he knew not where to turn for relief, for the curse was rapidly extending itself as the infusion of white blood in the enslaved race increased. “I am not the only father,” he added, “that looks upon this evidence of demoralization with aching bitterness of heart.”

In “Aunt Phillis's Cabin,” the best of the shoal of replies called forth by Mrs. Stowe's book, the author says—“I am utterly opposed to amalgamation, root and branch.” This is the sentiment commonly expressed in America; and yet no traveller in the South can fail to see that amalgamation is going on most rapidly. Amongst the coloured people there is every shade and variety of complexion, and pure blacks are rarely met with. And yet, strange to say, no outcry is raised on this account, though very lately a coloured gentleman, a professor at a college, was mobbed and insulted in the State of New York, because of an unfounded report that he was about to be married to a white lady.

How this terrible question is to end we know not. Clouds and darkness hang about it. Such is the moral paralysis of the South, that the quickening impulse must come from without. And if the religion and humanity of the Northern States were fairly directed against the evil, we believe it would soon fall. It is true that only by the several state legislatures can slavery be abolished. But Congress is not powerless in the matter. It might wipe

off the blot from the federal district of Columbia; it might abolish the internal slave-trade between the different States, and it might repeal the Fugitive Slave Act. And what is to prevent this being done, if there was a sufficiently earnest desire in the sixteen free States to disconnect themselves from all share in the crime?

There is evidently much of anti-slavery feeling in the North. The labours of the much-abused Abolitionists, to whom history will assign a high place in its records of the world's progress, have not been thrown away. Their indomitable faithfulness and self-denying zeal have reached the conscience of the people. This has been manifested in the deep response called forth by "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*." By her genius Mrs. Stowe has uncovered the heart of the North, and revealed there the latent fire that had been kindled by the pioneers in the cause of freedom. The disclosures of the Key will add fresh fuel to this fire; and let the anti-slavery sentiment of the North become strong enough to project itself into the action of the States, let it overrule party attachments, and lead the people to declare that neither political connexions nor ecclesiastical ties shall lead them any longer to participate in the sin of slavery, and the South would be obliged to yield. We verily believe that such a determination on the part of the North—a determination that would only be in accordance with the suppressed feelings of a great majority of the people—would so influence the slave States, that the difficult problem, which now causes strong men to bow their heads and wise men to weep, would speedily be solved by the action of the southern legislatures themselves.

The oft-repeated threat of separation is mere "sound and fury." The South knows its own interests too well for that. Not more sarcastically than truly has it been said that "for the slave South to separate from the free North would be as indiscreet as for the poor to separate from the parish that supported them." Whatever intemperate zealots here and there may say, who indulge in the wild dream of a cotton-bound "alliance offensive and defensive" with this country, the great body of the people in the South know that it is their connexion with the North that gives them whatever strength they possess. A Georgian newspaper, "*The Constitutionalist*," published

at Augusta, says in a recent number, contemplating the consequences of a dissolution of the Union :—

“ The sympathies of the Christian world out of the South are against us, and would be enlisted to our injury and annoyance. In the eyes of the civilized world the institution is viewed with a tolerance, and is invested with a degree of influence because recognized by the American Constitution and protected by the flag of the Stars and Stripes, which it would not enjoy after a dissolution of the Union and under the flag of a Southern Confederacy.”

We saw many evidences that intelligent Southerners regard this cry as hollow and unreal. We were in the Senate House at Washington when the Hon. Charles Sumner,* the distinguished senator from Massachusetts, asked as a matter of courtesy to be allowed to speak to a resolution declaring the expediency of immediately repealing the Fugitive Slave Act. The request was met by a torrent of feeling and passion. Senator after senator from the Southern States rose, and with vehement language and violent gestures protested against any discussion of the subject. One senator from Georgia was much excited, and in impassioned tones declared or rather shouted, “ Come what will, come what may, Georgia stands pledged, and the moment you touch this Act that moment she comes out of the Union.” “ Come out of your grandmother's night-cap,” exclaimed a senator, also from the South, near whom we were sitting, loud enough to be heard by all about him; and the feeling of contempt conveyed in this coarse expression is not uncommon in the South any more than in the North, in regard to all the vapouring and blustering about a dissolution of the Union, with which it is the practice of many of the slavery orators to garnish their speeches.

But be the truth as it may, complicity with the sin of slavery is too great a price to pay even for the maintenance of the Union. If the South will consent to remain bound to the North only on this condition, it is clearly one,—involving as it does a sanction of “ all crimes and all cruelties, all debasements and all horrors,”—which the North is not at liberty to comply with.

It has been lately asserted by an English traveller of high scientific repute, that the immediate emancipation of

* On the 28th July, 1852.

the slaves is out of the question, inasmuch as they are clearly unfit for freedom. We wish that the American people were prepared for the discussion of that point. But they have first to be convinced of the slave's absolute *right* to freedom, and that conviction once formed, the correlative duty would not be long delayed for want of a suitable field of exercise. Let the will to emancipate be called forth, and the fitting way would speedily be discovered. And is it not bitter mockery to make the slave's alleged unfitness for freedom a plea for its continued denial, while every possible care is taken to exclude from his mind by legislative enactment every ray of light and knowledge? But we more than doubt the assertion. The good sense and quick capacity, the acuteness and discernment, of the slaves we met with, were such as to convince us that they might with perfect safety be emancipated tomorrow. We believe that those among them who reside in cities know and think much more than they care to let the free people about them discover, and that they are far from being such blind, simple beings as they are commonly described. Though book-education is denied them, it is impossible to prevent them from sharing in some degree in the light of the civilization by which they are surrounded. A slaveholder not far from Washington told us that he thought it the greatest absurdity to say that the slaves were not capable of taking care of themselves. He had nearly four years ago allowed a slave of his to go to California, promising him at the end of two years and a half his freedom. The slave behaved with strict fidelity, and sent his master so large a sum—the proportion of his earnings that had been agreed upon—that the latter said he had not the heart to take it. "That man," he added, "might have snapped his finger at me when in California, yet he behaved thus nobly; and will any one tell me that such a man is not fit for freedom?"

The character and condition of the coloured people in the free States, notwithstanding all the social disabilities and legal impediments they labour under, are such as to show that their Southern brethren may with safety be liberated, as soon as their "owners" are convinced that freedom is their birthright. It is very common at the South to speak of the condition of the coloured people in

the North as being miserable and degraded in the extreme. But this is far from being a true representation. In Philadelphia, where they are very numerous, we visited their homes, attended their public worship and their religious class-meetings, and had much intercourse with them; and though doubtless there is a degraded class amongst them, we left the city with very favourable impressions, speaking of them as a body, as to their intelligence, prosperity, happiness and virtue. We have been glad to see our views confirmed by a series of recently-published papers, from the pen of the Rev. A. H. Barnes, son of the well-known Dr. Albert Barnes, containing the result of careful and minute inquiries as to the exact position of the coloured inhabitants of the above city*.

* In the second of his series of Papers,—communicated to the New York Independent, and republished in the Boston Christian Register, from which latter paper we take our quotations,—Mr. Barnes says: "With regard to the dwellings of these people, the statistics I have referred to show an average rent in 1847, among four thousand and nineteen families, of 49.68 dollars per annum. Of these 4019 families, fifty rent their houses by the year; fifteen hundred and forty-seven rent them by the quarter; eighteen hundred and forty-seven rent by the month; five hundred and sixty-three by the week; and twelve by the night. Besides the above there were two hundred and forty-one families living in their own houses;—a circumstance well worthy of notice by those who are so fond of comparing the condition of these people with that of the slaves at the South. In regard to the occupations of the coloured people, the following table from the statistics of 1847, gives a very definite idea of the principal divisions. The returns include 3358 men, or about four-fifths of the able-bodied population over 21 at that time.

"Mechanics, 256; labourers, 1581; seafaring men, 240; coachmen, carters, &c., 276; shopkeepers and traders, 166; waiters, cooks, &c., 557; hair-dressers, 156; various others, 96."

After a variety of gratifying statistics relative to the charities of the coloured people in Philadelphia, their property, their education, and their religious condition, Mr. Barnes says, in the sixth and last of his valuable and interesting papers:—"The aggregate cost of the churches of the coloured people has been probably seventy-five or a hundred thousand dollars. This has been mostly contributed by themselves, and their white brethren have shown very little disposition to assist them. The prejudice against these people extends itself even to matters of religion; and there are some professing Christians who, in order to keep them poor and ignorant on earth, seem to be willing to diminish their chances for heaven. I do not know that my own denomination—the New School Presbyterian—has been any worse than others in this matter, but I am sorry to say that they have always shown a degree of neglect towards the coloured churches belonging to them, that they show towards no churches of the whites. There has always been a want of sympathy with them, and an indisposition to listen to their claims, that from the circumstances appears to be partially the result of even a less worthy motive than want of liberality in money matters. . . . I have seen coloured men employed in almost every branch of business—as professional men, as tradesmen, and mechanics, with credit and success. I have seen them making their way to

Our observations and inquiries at Cincinnati gave us a similar good impression of the general character of the free coloured residents of that city, and a clergyman there told us that he considered them superior to the bulk of Irish and German immigrants.

In their present circumstances there is a sense in which the longer emancipation is delayed, the *less* will the slaves be prepared for it. The iron is eating into their souls. Many of them will

“ No more with idiot joy

Dance to the sound and glitter of their chains.”

They know their rights as men, and it requires no great discernment to see through the flimsy covering that but ill conceals their inward pangs. Docile, forgiving and gentle as the race is, we heard from several with whom we conversed, when they felt they could trust us, expressions of a burning sense of wrong*. Let these feelings still be trampled upon, and they will deepen and increase, and spread with epidemic rapidity, and add immensely to the difficulties and dangers of the question. The pressure

competence, and sometimes to wealth, against obstacles that would discourage a great many white men. Take them altogether, I know of no class of persons that, in the last ten years, have made such rapid improvement as these people in Philadelphia. What they have done is the best criterion of what they are capable of doing, and what, with fair opportunities, they are likely to do. There is one idea that has often suggested itself to my mind in contemplating the condition and progress of these people, which may perhaps seem strange in such connection. It is the nobility of human nature in itself considered. I have often, it is true, been struck with the same idea from other sources. It is a natural thought to any one who looks at what mankind have done, and especially what the great men of the world have done. When we think of Shakspeare and Gibbon, of Kant and Neander, in the world of books; when we remember the Reformation and the American revolution, and the names of Luther and Washington, we cannot fail to be impressed at once with a feeling of awe and of gratification at what man, *as man*, is, and what he can do. But when I see a people pinioned by so many discouragements, and bruised under such a complicated and heavy mass of difficulties as the coloured people, steadily and surely elevating themselves above their circumstances; when I behold the immense mountain of prejudice that rests upon them, tottering and almost rising bodily from its base, I am struck with a degree of admiration and amazement that I seldom feel on any other occasion, at the intrinsic strength and infinite tendencies of humanity.”

* We shall not soon forget the tone and expression of one man—a slave pew-opener of a Baptist Church—when he told us that nothing should induce him to marry as long as he remained a slave; or the conversation of another who walked with us to point out the cemetery for coloured people—the caste-feeling is carried so far as to call for separate resting-places even for the dead—in the neighbourhood of one of the Southern cities.

of the yoke will be aggravated by the spirit in which it is borne. There will come the passions of degradation, to sully the longings for redemption. There will be a chaos without the materials for a creation. Deliverance will be unassociated with liberty, and the tiger of Revenge will be ready to crouch for his prey amid the thickets that grow around the fountain of freedom. Relief from oppression will be indissolubly connected with vengeance upon the oppressor; and instead of dashing the cup of trembling to the earth, they who have hitherto drunk the bitter draught will desire to preserve it with malignant care for the lips of their enemies.

One thing is certain. This system must come to an end. It is not in Nature, it is not in Providence, it is not in Humanity, that such an evil should endure. Whether its termination shall be accompanied with blessings, and rejoicings, and prayer, and praise; or whether it shall go down amid curses, conflict, confusion and blood, will depend upon the Faith, the Justice and Humanity of the American people. May they have strength and wisdom to choose the better part!

ART. VI.—THE ODES OF HORACE.

The Odes of Horace: translated into unrhymed Metres, with Introductions and Notes. By F. W. Newman, Professor of Latin, University College, London. London: John Chapman. 1853.

AMONG literary men, Horace pre-eminently enjoys the privileges of a pocket poet. We imagine that of those who in any degree prolong the studies of youth into the recreation of riper years, there are few but possess a portable Horace, bearing marks of adventure and long usage. If there were no other reason, the very variety of form and subject which is characteristic of his works, would go far to produce this result. There may be found in them something congenial to all moods and circumstances. Were the power of fluently reading Greek more common than it is, we apprehend that it would but rarely be possible to raise the imagination to the epic height of "Achilles' wrath," and the fate of "windy Troy." It is only in moments of classic enthusiasm that the charms of style can overpower the triteness of the story, and awake a new interest in Greek or Roman annalist. One might as well think of pocketing Samson Agonistes as the Greek Tragedians. To read Aristophanes under a tree, or in a railway carriage, is an exploit to be compassed only by German erudition. The sweetness of Virgil cloyes upon the taste; the poetry of Lucretius is like rare oases, bright indeed, but buried in philosophical Saharas; the bitter strength of Juvenal, pleasant only when taken like olives to enhance the flavour of a more kindly nutriment. Horace, and Horace only, never tires. The product of his muse may not be of the highest conceivable quality, but then it rarely fails to please. There is a sufficient earnestness of tone to awake the reader's moral sympathies, and a strong smack of daily practical life to chain his amused attention. The patriotic despair which holds up to imitation the Phocæan example:

"Vos quibus est virtus, muliebrem tollite luctum,
Etrusca præter et volate littora.
Nos manet oceanus circum vagus arva:—"

alternates with the praise of the Sabine farm, and the "domus Albunæ resonantis," and the Bandusian fountain, and the peaceful happiness of a rural life. Now the melancholy philosophy, with no vision beyond the grave:

"Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
Regumque turres,"—

and now its natural and logical consequence—the heedless mirth, the wine dating like the poet from the consulship of Manlius, the ivy crown of Bacchus, and the Thracian revel. Here is enunciated in lofty verse a moral precept which has been a classical commonplace since the revival of letters; and there the loose verse records excesses in regard to which the Muse should have held her finger on her lips. There is perhaps no mood, except that of Christian devotion, which may not find in some part of Horace's works an apt expression.

But there are other reasons why Horace should be a favourite poet among *men*, and especially among those men of business who have retained enough of their early proficiency to be still able to find pleasure in his pages. His style is never tumid. It is best characterized as he himself characterizes Pyrrha's beauty, as "simplex munditiis." While rising, in a natural conciseness, to meet the highest demands of his imagination, it is never puffed and swelled into a bombastic magniloquence—a rare merit indeed among lyric poets. And then, under no circumstances whatever, does Horace write nonsense. Prosaic he may sometimes be, but never sentimental. So that, when he indulges in a melancholy reflection on the shortness of life and the vanity of human efforts, or wakes for a moment from his epicurean heedlessness to celebrate the rare virtue of the man:

"Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus:"

or the firm self-reliance of the just, whom

"Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni,
Mente quatit solida,"—

we have a firm conviction that he is in earnest. This, in combination with the elegant brevity of the expression, is perhaps the reason why the moralizings of Horace seem to have a greater authority than belongs to the per-

sonal character of the poet. We suspect of being professional, a piety which intrudes its phrases upon the dinner-table. We do not trust the active benevolence of the lady whose sensibility weeps over every novel. If a man's honesty is always upon his lips, we have an undefined fear lest it should be nowhere else. And so in Horace's serious moods—he affects much as when we hear the exhortations of the pulpit echoed from unclerical lips.

Again, he is the most autobiographical of classical poets, and his verse has a personal as well as a poetical interest. What trustworthy information we possess as to his life, has been chiefly gleaned from his own hints. There would need no more to endear him to the reader's sympathies than the beautiful passage (1 Sat. vi. 71. seq.) where he narrates how his father—a poor freedman who earned a living by attending at auctions—thought the school at Venusia too poor for his darling boy, and brought him to Rome; sent him to be taught among sons of senators and knights; and in his anxiety for the lad's morals, himself performed the servile office of the *pædagogus*, attending him to and from the school. It is a burst of honest gratitude and filial piety in an ungrateful and an impious age. We are told how, after many vicissitudes of fortune, having studied at Athens, the great Roman university, and, like many a braver man, left his shield behind him at Philippi, and written himself into satiric notoriety at Rome, he is at last introduced to Mæcenas by poets of no less renown than Virgil and Varius. For nine months the minister neglected the young adventurer, little dreaming, perhaps, how much his own fame depended on the issue. At last Mæcenas gave Horace his familiar friendship and the much-loved Sabine farm, and Horace repaid the obligation by bestowing on Mæcenas an honourable immortality. And thenceforth our poet's productions are the reflex of his happy, if somewhat careless, existence: now he joins his patron on a journey to Brundisium; and now offers him rest and a cask of aged wine at his cottage at Tivoli; distributes among his friends now moral warnings, and now lyric invitations, and now epistles full of kindly satire and keen observation; gives his fancy a wider range to sing worthily the praises of Augustus; and again con-

tracts it to an amatory trifle in which his heart has little share; passing on meanwhile to a somewhat early death, through friendship, and poetry, and simple rural pleasures, and a moderate joviality. If there be not much to revere in such a character, there is at least something to like.

And if we are called upon to excuse the absence of a stern patriotism, and indeed of most of the higher civic and social virtues, in the character which we have sketched, it should be remembered that Horace was made what he was by the age in which he lived. He was born B.C. 65, two years before the troubled consulship of Cicero and the defeated conspiracy of Catiline. While he was yet a child, Cæsar struggled with Pompey and Crassus for the dictatorship, and the very forms of republican liberty almost followed the reality. He was hardly twenty when Cæsar's triumph was ensured by the battle of Pharsalia; and his own first entry into public life was six years afterwards, as military tribune at the battle of Philippi. When his earliest poems were being written, the second Triumvirate were pursuing their sanguinary course; and his Epodes—his first lyrical publication—were probably given to the world in the year of the battle of Actium. Is it therefore to be wondered at that he hailed with joy the public tranquillity which followed on the usurped authority of Augustus? The civil dissensions thus allayed were not new; *he* had never known any other condition of public affairs, and the contests of Marius and Sulla dated from even his father's childhood. Peace was desirable though bought at whatever price, and despotism better than civil war. Nor is this acquiescence in the new settlement of affairs characteristic of Horace alone. It is to be remarked in the writings of all the Augustan poets. *They* could recollect the republic, and identified the name with assassination, and proscription, and confiscation, and war, civil and urban. When Tacitus wrote, the republic was distant enough to assume the fallacious outline of a golden age; and patriotism, with no outlet in action, expended itself in comparisons between Rome past and present—often more striking than just.

To return to the subject more immediately in hand.

It was to be expected that Horace should be at least as frequently translated as any of the Roman poets. And yet he is one of the most untranslatable. The metres alone—so impossible to transfer and so difficult to parallel in another language, varying with peculiar fitness according to every variation in the subject—would seem to present an insuperable obstacle. But there is another even yet more serious. A characteristic difference between the ancient and modern poetry of Europe may be compared to that between statuary and painting. The first is far more dependent for its effect upon its *form* than the last. Whether its effects be greater or less, they are accomplished by simpler means. And thus the distinction between prose and poetry in classical antiquity was more marked than now: without venturing to say that there existed no prosy poetry, it would at least be difficult to find what is now called poetical prose. And as this effect is heightened by the superior conciseness of the Greek and Latin languages, it becomes a translator's most serious difficulty to preserve the statuesque form of the original, and, in the version, be neither bald, nor prosaic, nor obscure. This peculiarity is especially noticeable in the lyric poets—in Pindar and in Horace. The poetry often lies less in the thought than in the manner of expression. Homer will bear the ordeal of a literal prose translation, and come out of the furnace with his singeing robes still about him: a prose Horace is prose indeed.

Mr. Francis W. Newman—the evidences of whose superabounding literary energy are always welcome—has boldly set himself to the performance of this difficult, and in some respects thankless task; and, whatever be the opinion entertained as to his success, must at least be credited with the merit of having come to his work on definite principles, and with a view to a definite result. He has expressed his intentions in the subjoined extract from his Preface, the perusal of which ought materially to affect any after-criticism on his labours.

“More than three centuries ago, the Greek and Latin classics began to be studied with great zeal, for the sake of their literature, which was then the most valuable in the world, and the only medium for attaining the highest cultivation of the day. That stage of progress is past, never to return. Modern European literature has now

eclipsed the ancient; and among those who still study Greek and Latin as languages for grammatical objects, fewer and fewer can afford the time and effort of studying the literature. When commercial England attains a higher mental culture, it will not be that of Oxford and Cambridge, but that of Germany and America combined.

"Already Greek is as impossible an attainment as Sanscrit to numbers of educated men; Latin is acquired perhaps at school, but imperfectly mastered, so that even Latin literature is unstudied in later life. I do not say this as blaming or deploring the result: on the contrary, when it arises out of the pre-occupation of the mind with deeper truths and purer beauty than was given to the ancients to attain, I cannot but rejoice. At the same time I conceive that every educated man who feels it inexpedient to encounter the effort of learning two difficult dead languages and exploring their literature, must desire to know whatever may be known in English concerning those master minds of the Ancients, who have so affected the European intellect; and this gives a great value to select translations. Undoubtedly a great poet can never be fully translated from a more powerful into a less powerful language; it is as impossible as to execute in soft wood the copy of a marble statue.

"Yet some approximation may be attained, which gives to the reader not only a knowledge of the substance, but a feeling of the form of thought, and a right conception of the ancient tone of mind. Hitherto our poetical translators have failed in general, not so much from want of talent or learning, but from aiming to produce poems *in modern style*, through an excessive fear that a modern reader will endure nothing else. I have been assured, that it is impossible to induce Englishmen to read poems in new metres. It may be so. But if so, I think it is equally impossible to induce them to read ancient poetry *at all*,—in any metres,—or in prose translations. Dickens and Thackeray are, I suppose, more amusing than Tennyson or Wordsworth, and leave to many men of business no time to read Milton, or Thomson, or Virgil, or Æschylus. I avow myself to despair of finding readers among those who seek solely for amusement. I bespeak for myself a thoughtful and serious reader, anxious for instruction. I assume in him no knowledge whatever of ancient languages or literature, except to have read Homer in a translation, and I endeavour to afford whatever is subsidiary to full intelligence,—whatever will aid him to that close insight into men and times, which nothing but contemporary literature can ever give."—Pp. ii.-v.

We will not call in question Mr. Newman's statements as to the prospects of classical literature in England,
CHRISTIAN TEACHER.—No. 60. U

though disposed to think even less hopefully than himself, of the prospects of classical translations. We cannot do better than express at this point our conviction, that this is the best translation of Horace into our language—and indeed the only translation of any classic poet, which gives the reader an adequate idea of the form and manner of the original. Acting on a principle to which we shall immediately have occasion to allude, Mr. Newman has invented an English metre to take the place of each of the Horatian measures. He translates verse for verse, almost line for line, and word for word. It is a great achievement to have given us a version at all, and not a paraphrase; and this version is close and clear enough to furnish unlawful help to many a school-boy. We may compare the Latin and the English Horace, and feel that they are substantially and almost verbally identical. Whether the odes thus presented be attractive reading to the student of English poetry only, one who is familiarly acquainted with the original can hardly judge. But if they fail to please, it is impossible that they should not teach. For the first time, an unlearned reader is brought face to face with a Latin poet, and sees the Roman Muse in something like her ancestral attire.

We turn to the more particular consideration of Mr. Newman's method. He needs no arguments either of his own or ours, to justify him in having discarded the use of rhyme. It is absolutely incompatible with faithfulness of translation. With versifiers, if not always with poets, the rhyme is the keynote of the couplet or stanza, and instead of expressing usually suggests the idea. And indeed we have somewhere read, that for this very reason Boileau was in the habit of writing the second line of his nervous couplets before the first. Rhyme, an essential ornament of many species of original verse, and an useful though burdensome clog to the poet, becomes to the translator a chain, the weight of which absolutely prevents motion.

A more important question relates to the possibility of transferring to modern languages some of the simpler metres of Greece and Rome. We grant the fundamental distinction between classical and modern metre. The former is regulated by quantity, the latter by accent alone. The former, at least originally, is written to be sung, the

latter to be read. It must be allowed that it is impossible to compose a series of English or German hexameters, which should be scanned, like those of Virgil, according to the quantity of the words. But is it not possible to naturalize and use in translations an accentual hexameter—that is, in which the recurrence of accented and unaccented syllables shall resemble that of long and short syllables in a Latin line? We believe that the question must be answered by a negative, which forms the justification of Mr. Newman's metrical innovations. And for the following reasons.

It is in the first place difficult, if not impossible, for the English ear to form an idea of what the classical hexameter (to keep to a single instance) really was. We may analyse it, but we cannot hear it. The characteristic part of the line to our apprehension is contained in the two last feet — — | — —, and this simply from the fact, that in this case the accent, as we read the verse, usually coincides with the quantity—that is, as may be tested by an application to Virgil, we accentuate in a vast majority of cases the second and fifth syllables from the end. For instance in the line *Æn.* v. 826,—

“*Nesæe, Spioque, Thaliaque, Cymodoceque,*”—

we lose the twang which characterises the line to us, because we find it difficult to put the accent anywhere except on the second syllable of the concluding polysyllable—a position in which it is at variance with the quantity. And again it may be remarked that, while our ear rejects the variety of form allowed in the first part of the verse, it is incapable of appreciating even the last two feet as usually written. The spondee is always in reading converted into a trochee. The last syllable is left entirely unaccented. We know nothing of the Latin accent. We are incapable of reading a Latin hexameter according to its quantity only. So we read it in obedience to English laws of accentuation applied arbitrarily to Latin words, and then think we have attained the characteristic rhythm of the verse. The absurdity of such a proceeding is at once seen, when we turn to a Greek hexameter, where the accents are laid down for us. If we read it accordingly, as is done at the German Universities, all that we fancied

characteristic in the verse immediately disappears. There is but one conclusion possible, that we are entirely unable to realize to our ears even the simplest classical rhythm.

If then—being incapable of *imitating* the classical hexameter—we set about framing an accentual hexameter of our own, we find ourselves at once puzzled by the fact that we have no spondees in English. They are all trochees or iambs. Even when two monosyllables of equal accentuation come together, one abstracts force of accent from the other. And then the duplicate time, the --- equal to the --- , characteristic of the hexameter, is at once lost, and we get a rhythm, lawful enough, if poets write it, and public approve, but in no way resembling the classical dactylic hexameter. It is marked to the ear by the close $\text{---} \text{---} | \text{---} |$, which resembles nothing so much as the common fall of a trochaic verse. As for the rest, it is an awkward, scrambling, three-legged metre—as like the sonorous rapidity of Homer's verse, or the stately majesty of Virgil's line, as a ploughboy striding over the furrows is like the graceful motion of the Tragic Muse. We not long since put to the test the most successful English hexameters which have lately been written, those, namely, in Longfellow's *Evangeline*. If read with regard to sense, the ear could catch no metre. If read with express view to metre, it was difficult to apprehend the sense. And these remarks apply with still greater force to those worse abominations—English Sapphics. To pronounce sentence of condemnation on these as applied to any serious purpose, the reader has only to make the acquaintance of Canning's immortal knife-grinder.

If then we are unable to realize to ourselves an hexameter, as it was to the Romans; and if our best imitation produces only a rhythm, which even our imperfect knowledge pronounces altogether different; we are obliged to infer, that the attempt to naturalize more complicated metres will result in a still more marked failure. And the next question is—how are we to *represent* these metres in English? To keep to the same example: we want a metre of like character with the hexameter, and at the same time one which will admit of being paralleled with it, line for line. As to the first requisite, the variation of form allowed in the classical line; from the slow, heavy, spondaic beat

to the dancing flow of successive dactyls, renders the selection of one of our less variable rhythms exceedingly difficult. The Homeric line is perhaps best rendered—as by Chapman, the translator most Homeric in spirit—by the long iambic line of seven feet, familiarly known as the old-ballad metre. Association of subject may have something to do with this preference; and the rhyme in which the folk-lore of England is preserved seems therefore fittest for the legends of Greece. But the slow march of the *Æneid*, still more the didactic precision of the *Georgics*, or the sententious brevity of Horace's *Epistles*, would be ill represented by so rough and simple a metre as this. And we still incline to think that the terse couplet of Dryden and Pope would be the fittest vehicle for them, were it not for the second consideration above mentioned. Every metre has its natural halting places. In the heroic couplet the rhyme usually creates a pause at every second line; and this couplet and the hexameter verse are, so to speak, incommensurable magnitudes. The Latin line contains more than the English; and in spite of the superior conciseness of the language, hardly expresses as much as the couplet. And the result, as may be seen by comparing Pope with Homer, Dryden with Virgil, Gifford with Juvenal, is an invariable diffuseness, an interpolation of words and ideas, and frequently enough a point in the translation, where none was in the original.

Mr. Newman professes to "have adopted the principle that each Latin metre should have *one* and *only one* English representative." We have selected a deviation from this principle in the instance under notice, the hexameter. In his translation of Ode i. 7,—

"Laudabunt alii claram Rhodon, aut Mitylenen,
Aut Epheson, bimarisve Corinthi," &c.,—

Mr. Newman renders the hexameter by an iambic line of $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet; Chapman's line in short, with an additional syllable, and very consistently: the dactylic tetrameter, which is the latter part of an hexameter, by the second half of his own substitute for it. As the ode is well known and often quoted, and as the translation offers a favourable specimen of Mr. Newman's manner, we subjoin the whole:—

" Some choose for praises Ephesus,
 Bright Rhodes or Mitylène,
 Or walls of two-sea'd Corinth ;
 Some, Thebes, for Dionýsus fam'd,
 Or Delphi for Apollo,
 Or deep Thessalian Tempè.
 Some as their only theme adopt,
 The fort of Virgin Pallas
 In constant song to honour ;
 Pluck olive-leaves from every side,
 And round her forehead braid them,
 A throng of bards, to Juno,
 Of rich Mycénæ shout aloud,
 And Argos, land of horses.
 —Me not the enduring Sparta
 Nor fertile-soil'd Larissa's plain
 So to the heart has smitten,
 As Anio headlong tumbling,
 Loud-brawling Albunea's grot,
 Tiburnus' groves and orchards
 With restless rivulets streaming.

" As oft the south-wind, blowing bright
 Across the dusky heaven,
 Sweeps clouds away, nor genders
 Perpetual show'rs ; so Plancus ! thou
 The mellow wine enjoying,
 Wisely forget the sorrows
 And toils of life ; if now the camp
 Flashing with standards hold thee,
 Or if thou soon revisit
 Thy favourite Tibur's shades opake.
 —TEUCER (they say), when fleeing
 From Sálamis and his father,
 With poplar-wreath his temples bound
 All reeking with the wine-god,
 And thus his friends encouraged :
 ' Companions ! comrades ! follow me,
 Wherever Fortune leads us,
 Far kinder than my parent.
 All's well, with Teucer for your guide,
 And Teucer for your omen.
 Despair of nought ! Apollo
 Foretells a second Sálamis,
 On a new country founded.
 Brave souls, who worse things often

With mé have borne! today in wine
Dispel your cares; tomorrow
Again we tempt the Ocean.'"—Pp. 27-9.

On the contrary, the hexameter in Epode xvi.—

"Altera jam teritur bellis civilibus ætas,
Suis et ipsa Roma viribus ruit,"—

is rendered by an iambic line of $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet: the iambic trimeter being at the same time well replaced by our common blank verse—

"Already a second age
In civil wars is wasting,
And Rome herself by strength of Roman falls," &c.

This preservation of the proportion between the various lines which make up a stanza, appears to have occupied a large share of Mr. Newman's attention. The advantages are obvious. The stanza, for instance, which he substitutes for the Sapphic, has nothing of the peculiar rhythm observable in the Latin; but, from the fact that it consists of the same number of lines, about the same length, and bearing a like proportion to each other, produces in many respects a similar effect. On comparing the verses with the original, we find that line answers to line, and verse to verse. We add the translation of the well-known Ode ii. 10.

"Rectius vives, Licini, neque altum," &c.

"Licinius! wisely wouldst thou voyage,
Not always on the wide sea venture,
Nor, dreading tempests, hug too closely
The shore deceitful.

"Whoso the Golden Mean embraces,
He safe and sober shuns the garret
With dirt dishonor'd, shuns the palace
That kindles envy.

"Tempestuous blasts more rudely buffet
The mighty pine: with heavier ruin
Fall lofty tow'rs: and lightnings shatter
The topmost mountains.

"A heart well-train'd will hope in adverse
And fear in happy time—reverses.
Jove brings again the ugly winters,
But soon removes them.

"A present ill lasts nót for ever;
 For sômetimes with the lyre Apollo
 Awakes the silent Muse; nor alway
 The bow is straining.

"In times of strait show manly spirit
 And active zeal; but wên the breezes
 Too gusty waft thee, thén be prudent
 Thy sail to shorten."

Another good example of this may be found in the metre, adapted to Ode i. 1,—called by Mr. Newman the Dedication. He calls it "one of five trochees mutilated at the end." For once we are disposed to quarrel with his nomenclature. In himself admitting that it "bears much analogy to our Epic blank verse," he has given a hint which leads to a truer method of scansion. It is true that reckoning from the beginning,

"O my bulwark and sweet ornament,"—

the accent falls on the odd syllables, and the verse ought therefore to be called trochaic. But if there be any real distinction of rhythm between iambic and trochaic verse, if the difference between them be anything more real than the result of a grammarian's classification—this is certainly iambic. If read consecutively, it is hardly possible to distinguish it from our ordinary blank verse. The pauses, the cæsuras, the recurrence of the accent, are all iambic. We should prefer to call it a line of five iambs mutilated at the beginning—especially as the voice naturally makes a pause on the initial accented syllable, and endeavours to make it do duty for the full iamb, which, after a line or two, it learns to expect. And, indeed, from our experience, in this volume and elsewhere, of trochaic lines of various lengths, we very much doubt whether the English ear will recognise as such any line which does not *terminate in a full trochee*. There seems to be a disposition in the voice of the reader to begin its intuitive scansion from the end of the line, and to reckon backwards; in which case what Mr. Newman calls a trochaic verse mutilated at the end is transformed into one composed of the same number of iambs mutilated at the beginning. Let the experiment be performed on the following example:—

"O my bulwark and sweet ornament,
 Sprung from royalty of Lydian eld!

Sóme in hot Olympic race delight
Dust to gather; close with glowing wheel
Graze the goal, and win the famous palm.

“ We, the lords of earth, to gods are rais’d,
One, if changeable Quirítal mob
Vies to honor him by thréefold choice;
One, if safely in his barns he stores
All the grain from Libyan threshing swept.

“ Him who joys his fathers’ land to clean,
Spade in hand, him nó could Attalus
Win by gilded terms, with Cyprian plank
Fearfully Myrtóan seas to plough.

“ Whilst the wind of Afric, struggling fierce
Gainst Icarian waves, the skipper frights,
Ease he praises and his native fields;
Soon again his shatter’d hull repairs,
Badly train’d to suffer penury.

“ Cups of Massic eld some nó disdain,
Nor, for lounging, solid hours to steal;
Nów beneath green árbutus reclin’d,
Nów at gentle stream from holy well.

“ Many the camp delights, and trumpets’ sound
Blent with horns, and War, to mother’s heart
Horrible. The hunter waits beneath
Chilly Jove, nor heeds his tender spouse
Late expecting him; if ór his hounds
Vigilant the hind have spied, or if
Marsian boar the meshes stout has burst.

“ Me the Ivy-leaf, to cultur’d brow
Seemly prize, with gods aloft unites.
Groves of icy cool, where trip in dance
Nymphs and Satyrs, from the vulgar herd
Sever me; if nó Euterpe’s flutes
Stint their breath, nor Polyhymnia kind
Shuns to modulate her Lesbian harp.

“ Bút, mid lyric bards if thou enrol
Mé, my lofty head the stars will strike.”

The unmistakeable trochaic line is exemplified not only in Mr. Newman’s substitute for the Sapphic stanza, but in that by which he has replaced another well-known measure of Horace, found, for example, Ode i. 15. This con-

sists in the original of four lines, formed on the same metrical principle, although the fourth differs in detail from the other three. The first of these lines, though precisely the same as that found in the last-quoted Ode (i. 1), Mr. Newman translates by one of five full trochaics; the second, by a verse in professed imitation of the Latin original, consisting of three and a half trochees—with this variation, that the second trochee is replaced by a dactyl. He avows himself doubtful of the effect of this on English ears; and to ears unaccustomed to the Latin rhythm, we must leave the judgment. We select, as perhaps the best specimen of the translated metre, though, according to our editor, one of the author's juvenile productions, Ode i. 15.

“Pastor cum traheret per freta navibus,” &c.

“When the traitor-swain with ships of Ida
Scurried o'er the wave his hostess Helen,
Nereus quell'd to peace the winds reluctant,
Whilst, of destiny fierce, he sang.

“Sad the omen, dire the bride thou bearest.
Hér will Greece reclaim with crowding armies.
Sworn to break thy nuptials, sworn to shatter
Priam's kingdom of old renown.

“See the horses, see the heroes sweating!
Whó, alas! may count the Dardan victims
Slain by thee? lo, Pallas—car and helmet,
Pallas—ægis and ire equips.

“Vainly,—proud that Venus' aid defends thee,—
Combest thou thy locks, and soundest quav'rings
Sweet to woman's ear on harp unwarlike:
Vainly, screen'd in a secret bow'r,

“Shrinkest thou from weighty lance, and arrows
Gnossian-barb'd,—from battle-cry, and Ajax
Swift to chase. At length shall dust un pitying
Soil thy tresses adulterous.

“Ha! beholdest not Laertes' offspring,
Fatal foe to Troy, nor Pylian Nestor?
Whilst from Sálamis intrepid Teucer
Hunts thee hard; and an eager hand,

“Argive Sthénéélús,—or spear or chariot
Skill'd to manage. Mérion too will greet thee.
Lo, to find thee fierce Tydídes rages,
Mightier son of a mighty sire.

- “ ‘ Him, as wolf whom deer across the valley
Sudden sees, and cares no more for pasture,
Flee shalt thou, with highdrawn pantings tender,—
Brave to boast in a lady’s ear.
“ ‘ Respite will Achilles’ anger’d army
Gain awhile for Troy and Trojan matrons.
Fated winters pass,—and fire of Argos
Pergamæan abodes shall burn.’ ”

Enough has been said to illustrate Mr. Newman’s method of dealing with the metres of Horace. We believe the principle to be correct, and in many instances successfully applied. Many of his metres are exceedingly pleasing in our ears—sweet, various, and sonorous; and we entertain no personal prejudice against the use of even so anomalous a line as that characteristic of the last quotation. But, after all, the true test must be the approbation of those persons who are conversant with modern poetry only. The English ear—except in the blank verse of Epos and Tragedy—expects a rhyme; and all efforts to change the national habit have hitherto been unsuccessful. Yet the question of faithful classical translation is inextricably bound up with that of the retention or omission of this ornament. Except in rare instances, or for short passages, rhyme renders anything more literal than a free paraphrase impossible. The unlearned reader’s choice lies between the loss of the accustomed ornament, and a faithless pretence at translation.

We add, however—for the classical scholar, as specimens of Mr. Newman’s metrical experiments; for the lover of poetry, as samples of Horace’s best manner—two of his most celebrated odes,—in metres not before particularly analysed.

Epode ii.—“ *Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis,*” &c.

- “ ‘ How blest is he, who far from troublous care,
As the ancient race of mortals,
With his own oxen tills his father’s fields,
From usuries exempted!
Nor by the savage trump in the camp is rous’d,
Nor quails at the angry billows;
And shuns the forum, and the thresholds proud
Of citizens overweening.

But he the vine's glad upgrown progeny
 Weds to the lofty poplars,
 And with his curv'd knife pruning useless boughs,
 Engrafts more hopeful scions :
 Or in the vale's broad bosom views afar,
 The deep-voic'd cattle roaming,
 Or in pure jars the well prest honey stores,
 Or shears the helpless bleaters :
 Or from the fields when Autumn rears her head
 With mellow fruitage comely,
 How joys he, plucking his engrafted pears
 And grape that vies with purple,
 To honour thee, Priápus ! and thee, sire
 Silvanus, guard of landmarks !
 Now beneath ancient holm he lists to lie,
 Now in the clinging herbage.
 In their deep banks the meanwhile glide the streams,
 The birds moan in their thickets ;
 With trickling element pure babble the springs,
 Inviting gentle slumbers.

" But when the wintry horn of thundering Jove
 Its rainy snows amasses,
 Then he the eager boar with scurrying hounds
 Drives to the toils encircling,
 Or with smooth pole spreads the thin nets aloft,
 Snare for the greedy thrushes ;
 Or in his noose (sweet prize !) the frighten'd hare
 And stranger crane imprisons.

" Mid such employ who not the evil cares
 Forgets, which Love engenders ?
 But if, besides, a chaste and helpful mate
 House and sweet children order,—
 As Sabine woman, or the sunburnt wife
 Of Appulan untiring,
 Piles with old logs the sacred hearth, to greet
 Her weary lord's arrival,—
 Who, penning the wild flock in wattled crate,
 Drains their distended udders,
 Then wine of this year's vintage drawing, crowns
 The board with unbought dainties ;
 Me not so much will Lucrine oysters please,
 Or delicate char or turbot,
 Should winter, rumbling in the Eastern waves,
 Such to this sea have carried.

No bird of Afric down my throat will glide,
 No moorcock of Ionia,
 Sweeter than olives pick'd from boughs which hang
 With luscious treasure loaded,
 Or mallows, wholesome to the sickly frame,
 And meadow-loving sorrel,
 Or kidling rescued from the wolf, or lamb
 To festal Terminus slaughter'd.
 Amid such banquets, sweet it is to see
 The fed sheep hast'ning homeward,
 To see the weary bulls with languid neck
 The inverted ploughshare trailing,
 And—swarm of a rich house—the little slaves
 Laid round the shining Larès !'
 "Thus spake the money-lender Alfius, bent
 On instant rustication ;
 Turn'd on the Ides his bonds to cash ; but sought
 New borrowers on the Kalends."

Ode iii. 1.—"Odi profanum vulgus et arceo," &c.

"Hateful crowd unconsecrate,
 Stand aloof and silence keep !
 The Muses' priest, to boys and maidens
 Songs before unheard I utter.
 "Kings their flocks with awe inspire,
 Kings themselves to Jove submit,
 Who, from his Titan-triumph glorious,
 Rules the world by turn of eyebrow.
 "Man than man may wider plant
 Fruit tree-rows. By higher birth
One on the Campus seeks approval,
One on purer fame is wafted,
 "Troops of clients throng *a third*.
 Fate with law impartial rules
 The bright or mean : the urn capacious
 Shakes the lot for every mortal.
 "Him, abóve whose impious neck
 Hangs the naked sword,—for *him*
 Sicilian dainties brew no sweetness ;
 Songs of birds to *him*, or harpings,
 "Sleep restore not. Gentle Sleep
 Nór the humble homes disdains
 Of rustic folk, and shady hillock,
 Nór the glen with Zephyrs quiv'ring.

"Seek but that which need requires :
 Thén shall neither raging sea
 Disturb thee, nor Arctúrus setting
 Wild of force, nor Kid uprising ;
 "Nót the hail which pelts the vines,
 Nót the faithless farm, or trees
 Which *now* the rain or scorching season
 Blame, and *now* the cruel winters.
 "Cramp'd by rubbish heaps, the fish
 Mourn the water's lessening space ;
 Where the grandee, of land disdainful,
 Bids the keen contractor's workmen
 "Mounds to raise : but Fear and Threats
 Climb, where'er the master builds ;
 Nor gloomy Care from brazen trireme
 Yields, but clings to croup of saddle.
 "Phrygian marbles, crimson cloth
 Starry-bright, to soften pangs
 Avail not, nor Falerian vineyards,
 Nór Achæmen's sprinkled perfume.
 "Whý then rear a hall aloft,
 New of style, whose costly doors
 Move envy ? why my Sabine valley
 Change for more laborious riches ? "

One of the first peculiarities which will strike the classical eye on opening Mr. Newman's volume, is the new arrangement of the odes ;—and this not merely on a chronological scheme similar to that proposed by Bentley, in which the books were disposed according to what he conceived to be the order of publication. Mr. Newman, either arbitrarily, or on what he deems sufficient evidence, allots every ode to a specific place. The attempt is not new. An edition of Horace, edited and translated into French by one Sanadon, a Jesuit, was published at Paris, as long ago as 1728 ; in which the editor boasts "De toutes les pièces d'Horace je n'en laisse que trois dans leur ancienne situation." The critics were vehemently opposed to the innovations of M. Sanadon, and the question appears to have lain dormant, till awakened of late by German erudition, anxious to find matter for its operations. We are informed by Dean Milman that within the last twenty years "at least five new and complete schemes have

been framed, which attempt to assign a precise period almost to every one of the poems of Horace." And though far from feeling ourselves competent to enter the lists with Mr. Newman in a matter of chronology, we are inclined to think with Milman, that this very discrepancy is a sufficient proof that success in the attempt is impossible. But Mr. Newman does "not profess to have attained a true, but only a possible order;" finds it necessary to abandon the old arrangement, on account of the difficulties which it offers to historical commentary; and adds, "If these odes—say a quarter of the whole—be presented chronologically, what else can a translator possibly do with the rest, but drop them into such positions as seem to him most probable, or at any rate possible?" We put it to him, if in weaving odes of certain, uncertain, and unknown chronology into one series, he has not incurred the danger of making the confusion worse confounded. We perceive that he has in general accommodated his arrangement to that commonly-received idea, that the Epodes were the first published of Horace's works, and the 4th Book of Odes, a supplement and afterthought; but except he has some new evidence or theory as to the manner which the present division into books was made, we are at a loss to understand how he justifies so complete a *bouleversement* as is here presented for approval. The memory of the student will present him with very many instances of odes which afford absolutely no indication of the period at which they were composed.

In face of the extracts from the Preface quoted above, it would hardly be fair to criticise these translations from a purely æsthetical point of view. Writing in new and unusual metres, Mr. Newman has in many passages worked in fetters, and has indulged in inversions, which cannot fail to be obscure to the reader unacquainted with the original. Occasionally, too, he has bound himself to a literalness of rendering, which is more characteristic of the Professor's chair, than the Poet's inspiration; and which in all cases will appear prosaic, in many will prove unintelligible, to the unlearned reader. By such alone can a fair judgment of his volume—as a work of Art—be pronounced. Those to whom the very words of the original are familiar, regard with distaste any version, however spirited and accurate.

To them the charm of their favourite poet resides, in great part, in the exquisite terseness and elegance of the expression. But they cannot but welcome the appearance of a version so instructive, so faithful, so truly Horatian as this. And they only can appreciate the labour which has produced so successful a result.

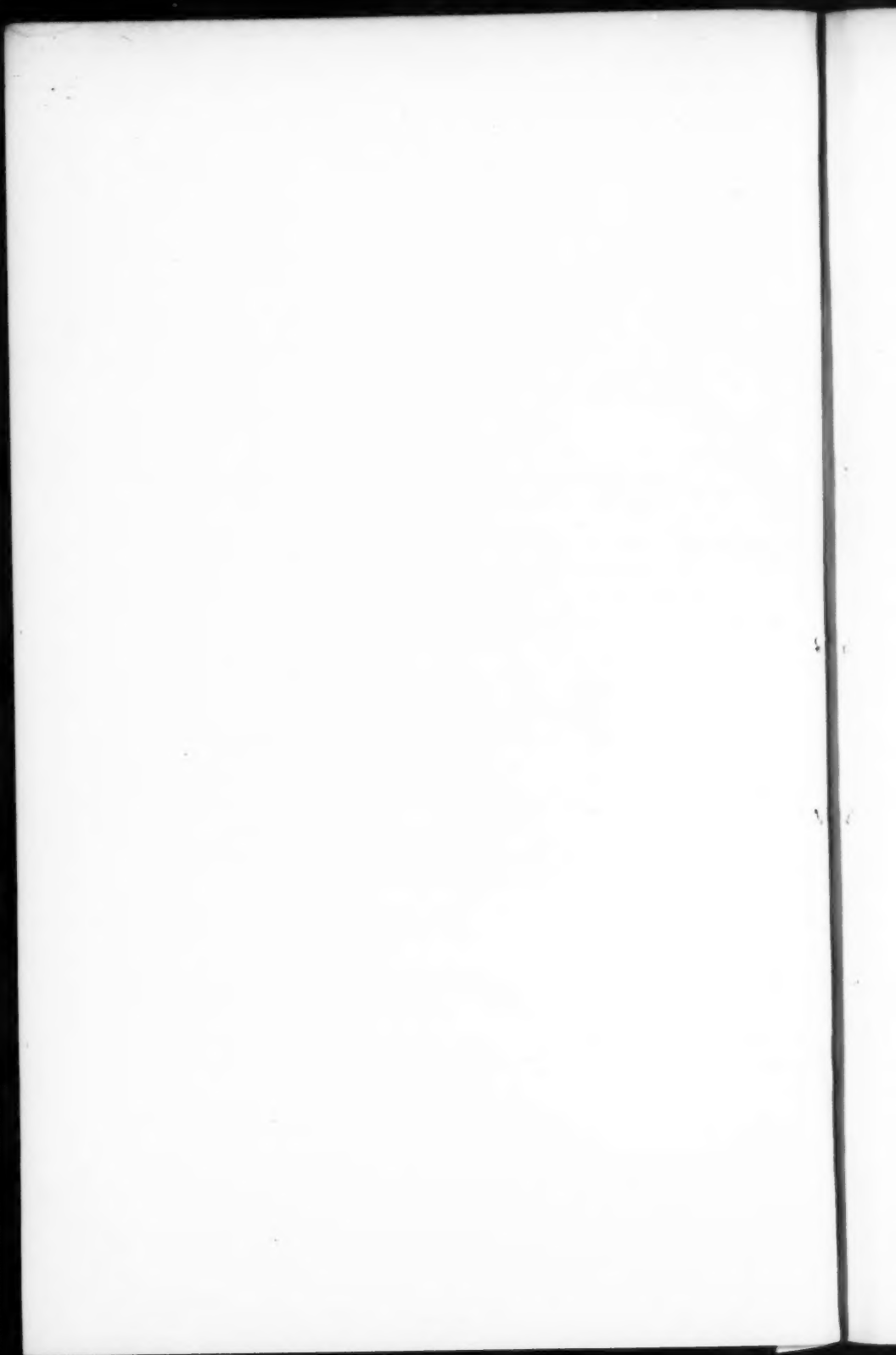
We are not without hopes that Mr. Newman may meet with the audience—perhaps fit and few—which he desires. In whatever position we may suppose the Modern Poetical Literature of Europe to stand in relation to its classic precursor, the poets of Greece and Rome must ever remain worthy objects of diligent study. We are inclined to think that they have even yet a definite work to perform. A characteristic quality of most of them—a compact and concise elegance—the production of the desired effect by the simplest possible means—is very far from being an excellence of what in our own day is dignified by the name of poetry. If there be any gold in modern verse, it is often beaten out to a lamentable thinness. Words, words, words, are as much the engines by which it operates, as action was the necessary vehicle of Demosthenes' oratory. We presume that, from the beginning of the world, verse-writing has been a malady of youth, as measles or scarlet fever of childhood; the discovery that all such versifiers are justified in appearing before the public seems to have been reserved for our own age. If poetry consist in the reiteration of common-places in magniloquent phrase, divided into equal lengths, and a corresponding twang at the end; or the enunciation of transcendental mysteries, such as would puzzle a wiser *Œdipus*—with no regard whatever to the frivolities of metre, or melody, or rhyme; or insane ravings about Nature, and Art, and Genius with clipped wing, and blighted affections, and aspirations beaten back from the empyreal height—from youths whose days are fitly passed in counting bales of cotton and hogsheads of sugar;—this is indeed a poetical age, and we need not look so far back as Horace for a model of sober taste. But the neglect of ancient poetry, either in translations or the originals, has been already carried too far. Had books like Mr. Newman's been published and read and understood thirty years ago, the pockets and the hopes of many a young

aspirant might have been spared now. Poetry is not an easy matter, and the Heliconian spring which flows with most copious wave is generally of a very hard quality, splashing and dashing with the best, but lamentably unfit for any domestic purposes. And if Horace teaches any lesson to the poet, it is the slow labour of the file. His whole works are not more in quantity than one of those epic poems, of which Southey used to compose two hundred lines before breakfast :

“In hora sæpe ducentos,

Ut magnum, versus dictabat stans pede in uno.”

Yet while Madoc, and Don Roderick, and other ponderous quartos, are rapidly passing into the limbo of departed vanities, before the author is well cold in the grave—the Odes of Horace still remain, as he proudly predicted, “monumentis ære perennius,” and his praise widens among men.



The reader is requested to correct the following errata
in Art. VI. of No. XXXIII. :—

- Page 139, line 16, *for* proposed *read* professed.
145, line 22, *for* existences *read* intelligences.
145, line 23, *for* head *read* triad.
145, line 29, *for* a *read* the.
146, line 10, *for* inquirers *read* inquiries.
146, line 22, *for* now *read* never.
147, line 29, *for* person *read* wisdom.
148, line 13, *for* *thelos* *read* *thelas*.
148, line 20, *for* Alphorisms *read* Aphorisms.
149, line 4, *for* of *read* at.
149, lines 9-19, insert inverted commas.
153, line 2, *for* or *read* as.
153 note, line 2, *for* representation *read* representative.
153, line 31, *delete* the.
154, line 2, *for* fresh *read* deep.
157 note, line 2, *for* para *read* pura.
157 note, line 10, *for* thus *read* this.
157 note, line 11, *for* representation *read* representative.
160, line 14, *for* often *read* after.
160, line 36, *for* his *read* this.
160, line 36, *for* views *read* view.